# Newport Mercury.

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## The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and houshold departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6279, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss B. M. Dunphy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

OLAN MCLEOD, No. 183—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Whist Entertainments.

A very pleasant evening was spent at Masonic hall on Wednesday, when Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., held a whist, which was largely attended. Whist was played for several hours and there were many high scores. There were twelve prizes and they were awarded as follows: First, Miss Ella P. Crandall and Mr. David A. Ross; second, Mrs. William Gosling and Mr. Herbert Bliss; third, Mrs. Frank G. Scott and Mr. Frank M. Lawton; fourth, Mrs. John H. Kazanjian and Mr. William D. Tew; fifth, Mrs. Edward P. Gosling and Mr. John P. Fritz; sixth, Miss Hattie Shepley and Mr. Joseph Budnelly. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., held its regular meeting in Mercury Hall Thursday evening. After the close of the meeting the remainder of the evening was devoted to whist, there being fourteen tables in use. At the finish it was found that the three ladies' prizes for the best scores were won by Mrs. Myra J. Olney, of Centreville Falls, Miss Lena Blair and Mrs. Edward Wilson, while Mr. Edward D. Thayer, Mrs. Frank E. Manchester (who played a gentleman's part) and Mr. William D. Tew were awarded the gentleman's prizes. There was a tie for the gentleman's highest score between Mrs. Manchester and Mr. Thayer, the latter being the successful drawer in cutting for the prize.

A light collation was served during the evening and a social time was enjoyed by all.

On the evening of Thursday, March 21st, the lodge will hold another whist for members and friends.

Officer Dennis McMahon captured a boy burglar in the act of breaking into Leary's news room on Broadway on Friday night of last week. Hearing a peculiar noise he softly approached and pounced upon the youth while he was at work. At the police station the boy was recognized as David German who was sent to the Reform School some months ago and escaped after a short stay. He was returned to the school to serve out his sentence. There have been many petty breaks this winter and it is hoped that this arrest will stop them.

Mr. Fred Lewis, who underwent an operation for appendicitis a few weeks ago, is improving and expects to be able to resume his duties at the Opera House in a short time.

### Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held a meeting on Tuesday evening to transact the business that was formerly done by the old city council. A number of matters of more or less importance were brought up. One change was made in a city office, Col. Andrew K. McMahon being elected coroner in place of Francis Stanhope whose health is not good.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Board of Health, | $4,646 45 |
| Books, Stationery and Printing, | 200 53 |
| City Asylum, | 398 24 |
| Fire Department, | 1,216 93 |
| Incidentals, | 492 95 |
| Lighting Streets, | 3,418 54 |
| Indexing and Preserving Records, | 54 55 |
| Water Supply, | 2,500 00 |
| Telephones, | 347 26 |
| Ward Meetings, | 30 00 |
| Touro Ministerial and Cemetery Fund, | 5 25 |
| Touro Jewish Synagogue Fund, | 114 68 |
| Burial Grounds, | 50 00 |
| Agassiz Fund, | 27 92 |
| Dog Fund, | 54 00 |
| Public Buildings, | 604 76 |
| Public Parks, | 55 00 |
| Police, | 136 11 |
| Public Schools, | 10,924 21 |
| Poor Department, | 344 53 |
| Streets and Highways, | 1,681 14 |
| Total | $24,410 87 |

Resolutions were passed authorizing the extension of the sewer in Clinton street at a cost of $1200, authorizing the construction of a sewer in Pelham street, from Spring street to Believue avenue, at a cost of $1800, and authorizing the dredging of the north end of the harbor at a cost not to exceed $5000; also a resolution to pay $310 to W. S. Wells for damages to his property by the straightening of Coggeshall avenue.

On recommendation of the board of health C. C. Moore and Joseph W. Sampson were elected constables under the State law. A petition for the curbing and grading of Houston avenue was received; also a communication from Dr. Rogers in regard to the injuries of Miss Duffin who is pressing a claim against the city.

The office of coroner was brought up and in view of the fact that Francis Stanhope is incapacitated on account of ill-health the board elected Col. A. K. McMahon to the position. The matter of city pay rolls was discussed and it was decided to meet on Thursday evenings for the approval of the pay rolls instead of Friday as the men of the different departments will be better accommodated in this way. It was voted to notify the manager of the telephone company to be present on Thursday evening to discuss the telephone contract.

There was some talk about the possibility of some of the milk from Tiverton and Little Compton, which has been quarantined by the city of Fall River, coming to Newport, and Mayor Clarke was directed to keep an oversight on the milk supply of the city. The city solicitor was directed to attend all meetings of the board.

The election of the keeper of the city cemetery was called from the table and there was considerable talk over the matter. Alderman Boyle suggested that Mr. Sweet be required to turn the sum of onehundred dollars to the city on account of hay, etc. Mayor Clarke and Alderman Shepley believed that Mr. Sweet had acted in good faith, innocently, and that this board could not punish him for faults that had been permitted by previous boards. On motion of Alderman Shepley it was voted to leave the election until another meeting.

The board of aldermen met again on Thursday evening to approve the city pay rolls and transact such other business as might come before it.

A draft of the proposed contract with the Newport Hospital for the care of certain contagious diseases was submitted for consideration. The weekly pay rolls were approved. A petition from the contractors for the improvements to the Custom House for permission to fence in a portion of the sidewalk on Franklin street was referred to the city solicitor. A resolution was passed giving consent to the sale of the parsonage of the Second Baptist Church. A communication was received from the board of governors of the Jamestown Exposition asking the city to name a Newport day at the fair.

A communication was received from the Congregation Shearith Israel of New York in regard to the Touro Ministerial and Synagogue Funds. The communication set forth that it was understood that the funds had been diminished by defalcations and other losses, and asked that an investigation be made and if the city was found to be liable to make good the loss with interest. There was also a protest against using the proceeds of one fund to make up the deficiency in another. The communication was received but it seemed to be the opinion of the board that the protesting parties had no interests in the matter.

Manager Walter A. Wright of the Providence Telephone Company was present to talk over telephone matters. The proposed contract was presented, the rates offered being as follows:

$80 each for telephones in 10 offices in the city hall; $32 for a telephone at the quarry; $20 for a telephone at the residence of the city physician; $24 for a telephone at the asylum; $12.50 for a telephone at the residence of the executive officer of the board of health; $180 for 12 signal calls at the fire department headquarters; $30 for another telephone at fire department headquarters; $330 for 22 signal calls connected with the police station. The contract is to continue until either party gives thirty days, notice of its intention to terminate it. There was a considerable discussion of telephone matters and rates for the city, and a private exchange was talked of. The matter was finally left open, Manager Wright to confer with his company in regard to a further reduction in rates, and the board in the meantime to find out what other cities pay for the same service. There was some question raised about the city telephones in residences of officials but no action was taken by the board.

### Coal Mining Revived.

In spite of all the failures in the past it seems probable that coal mining in the town of Portsmouth will be resumed before long. And this time not only will the coal mines be operated but there is every indication that another company will open other mines in different sections of the town.

For a number of months Mr. James W. Dennis of Pawtucket has been working the matter up and has purchased options for mining rights on all lands where the coal vein extends. This is entirely independent of the old coal mine property. Cash payments have been made and apparently there is money behind the promoters. No attempt has been made to sell any stock or bonds here, all that the agents wish being to secure the mining rights. It is understood that the coal will be chemically treated to make it burn and will be marketed.

The old coal mine property has been leased by an entirely different concern, and work there will be started very shortly. It is understood that the lessees, who are Boston parties, will use the coal for the manufacture of gas.

There is no doubt but that the entire northern end of the island of Rhode Island contains lots of coal, but the character of this coal has long been a joke. There is plenty of it and it is easily mined but it is so hard that it cannot be made to burn. Many attempts have been made to utilize the product of the mine but all have resulted in failure. The last effort was made several years ago when considerable new machinery was installed and the coal was treated with pitch and other chemicals and made into brickets. Although the brickets would burn there was some drawback and the company went under. Since then the property has stood idle. It will mean considerable for the town of Portsmouth if work is to be resumed by a strong company.

### Dr. Watson's Lecture.

Rev. John Watson, D. D., better known to the reading public by his nom de plume of Ian MacLaren, was in Newport on Tuesday and in the evening delivered a lecture before a large audience at the First Presbyterian Church, this being the concluding number of the entertainment course which has been conducted under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the church. The name of the famous Scotch author had proved a great drawing card and practically every seat in the large audience room of the church was filled at the appointed hour.

Dr. Watson was presented to the audience by the pastor, Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., in a few happily chosen words. The subject of the lecture was "The Humor of the Scot," but the lecturer did not confine himself exclusively to the Scottish race, speaking of humor wherever found. His lecture was witty and very entertaining, although there were fragments that some of the audience were unable to grasp owing to the pronounced Scotch accent of the speaker.

Dr. Watson was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John K. McLennan while in Newport.

Mrs. Caroline E. Ball, widow of Dr. George C. Ball, died at her home on Malbone road on Tuesday in her eighty-ninth year. She came to Newport to reside some years ago, accompanied by her son, Mr. Charles H. Ball, who has since died. Mr. Ball's devotion to his mother was of a marked degree and they soon became well known about the city. Since the son's death the mother has been in poor health, caused by her advanced years and the loss of her loved one. Funeral services were held from her residence Thursday afternoon, Rev. E. H. Porter, D. D., officiating. The body was taken to New York Thursday night for burial, accompanied by Mr. T. J. Gibson and her nephew, who is the only relative who survives her.

### Superior Court.

The March session of the Superior Court came in on Monday with Judge Tanner presiding. Thus far there has been practically nothing for the court to do and adjournment was taken from Wednesday until next Monday. There has been little crime in the county since the last session and the grand jury had nothing to do. Just what may happen next week cannot be foretold, as it may prove to be a busy week, but thus far everything assigned for trial has been called off before going to a jury. The lawyers and court attendants were pleased with the new printed dockets which are quite a change from the former style.

Monday morning the docket was called over and cases assigned for trial. In the case of Wanda Weidhorn vs. H. G. Hammett for breach of promise a bill of particulars will be supplied by the plantiff, giving dates, etc., as nearly as possible. Clark Burdick was appointed commissioner to sell the estate and divide the proceeds in the case of Ralph A. Bateman et alii vs. George H. Grant et alios, a case in equity. The case of Albert K. Sherman vs. Raymond J. Anderton was marked settled. The divorce docket was assigned for March 15.

Assistant District Attorney General Greenough called up the scire facias case of State vs. George Brown and as the defendant defaulted asked for judgment. The Block Island assault cases were set down for trial on June 10.

The case assigned for trial on Tuesday, Nellie F. Robinson vs. Robert Robinson, was in order but when the court had convened it was announced that the case was settled and adjournment was taken immediately. On Wednesday Sander Johnson vs. Andrew Bloom was in order but as the defendant submitted to judgment there was no trial and court adjourned until next Monday.

The tug Richmond which went ashore a short distance below Fort Adams on the night of February 7 was finally pulled off the rocks at high tide on Tuesday night, after strenuous efforts on the part of the Scott Wrecking Company and the owners of the tug. Although the bottom of the vessel is badly lacerated by the jagged rocks on which she struck there is no doubt but that it can be repaired and will be good for many years of service. The repairs will be made in New York.

The handsome silver service to be the gift of the people of Rhode Island to the battleship that bears the name of the State has been completed by the Gorham Manufacturing Company and is ready for presentation. Senator Wetmore has been one of the most active members of the committee that raised the funds and approved the designs for the silver service.

Mr. Daniel Leroy Dresser has been granted a discharge in bankruptcy and states that he will institute legal proceedings against the men and corporations that were responsible for the disastrous failure of the firm of Dresser & Co., the Trust Company of the Republic and the Ship Building Trust, in 1903.

At the annual meeting of the Harvard Club of Rhode Island, held in Providence on Tuesday, Dr. O. W. Huntington of Newport was elected vice president, Judge Robert M. Franklin treasurer, and Dr. Frederick Bradley secretary for Newport.

Mr. William E. Marsh, a native of Newport, and a son of the late Samuel J. and Mary Williams Marsh, died at his home in Bridgeport, Conn., in his eightieth year. He was a brother of the late Edward P. Marsh.

Rev. Nassau S. Stephens of Lancaster, N. Y., will probably be the next rector of St. George's Church. He has stated that, subject to the approval of the Bishop, he will accept a unanimous call to the church.

Mr. and Mrs. George Horrocks (Miss Mary Merrill) have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. John B. Caswell, who has been ill, has gone south for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman has been housed with a severe cold the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Treys have returned from Morristown, N. Y.

Mr. F. H. Wiswell has been suffering from an attack of the grip.

Colonel and Mrs. Delancy Kane are to arrive from Europe soon.

Miss Elizabeth Gooley is able to be out after her recent illness.

Mr. Ara Hildreth is able to be out after his recent illness.

Colonel John C. Seabury leaves for Bermuda to-day.

Dr. V. Mott Francis has returned to Roxbury, Mass.

### Recent Deaths.

#### Erastus P. Allan.

Mr. Erastus P. Allan died at his residence on Park street on Monday evening in his seventy-fifth year. Although advanced in age he had been in rugged health until some three years ago when a fall resulted in a broken leg. After a long confinement in the hospital the fracture was healed but a few months afterward he had the misfortune to break the other leg. In spite of his advanced age his vitality again asserted itself and after another long siege he again recovered although he was obliged to use a cane. In the early winter his close application to business proved too much for his strength and he was compelled to relinquish his active exertions and remain at home. He had grown gradually weaker and the end was expected at any time.

Mr. Allan was a son of the late Erastus P. and Hannah Allan and was born in Newport nearly seventy-five years ago. He was for a time employed as a clerk in the store of William C. Cozzens & Co., and later in the china store of Miss Catherine T. Hazard. Forty-four years ago he purchased the business, which was then as now located on Thames street near the foot of Washington square, and he had since conducted it, having a well earned reputation as an honorable business man and a Christian gentleman. He was one of the very oldest retail merchants in Newport.

Mr. Allan was for a great many years a member and active worker in the United Congregational Church. For a long time he was superintendent of the Sunday School, and served for a long time as a deacon, besides holding other important offices in the church and society. He was one of the trustees of Long wharf, and years ago, when the poor house was located on Coasters Harbor Island, he was one of the overseers of the city asylum. He was formerly a member of the Newport Artillery Company and of the old volunteer fire department.

Mr. Allan leaves a widow and two daughters, Miss Katherine H. Allan and Miss Elizabeth S. Allan, and a sister, Miss Abby Allan. A brother, William S. N. Allan, died many years ago.

Funeral services were held at the United Congregational Church on Thursday and were largely attended. There was a very large representation from the business men of the city, as well as personal friends of the family. The services were conducted by Rev. James Austin Richards, pastor of the church. There were two solos by Mr. Augustus Hazard Swan. The bearers were Messrs. John R. Hammett, George A. Pritchard, William K. Covell and Henry G. Stevens.

#### Mrs. Alexander J. MacIver.

Mrs. Grace Arnold MacIver, wife of Mr. Alexander J. MacIver, died at her home on Summer street on Tuesday after an illness of considerable duration. She had a bright disposition and had made a host of friends who sincerely mourn her untimely death. She was a member of the Central Baptist Church before her marriage, but after her marriage she attended the Presbyterian Church where her husband was a member. She was much interested in the welfare of that church and as long as she was able took an active part in its affairs.

Mrs. MacIver was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Barker.

Besides her husband, a son, ten years of age, survives her; also a sister, Mrs. William H. Langley.

#### Daniel Walsh.

Mr. Daniel Walsh died at his home on Spring street Wednesday morning at an early hour, having been stricken on Tuesday with a paralytic shock. Although not a native of Newport, he came here when a young boy and had spent all his life here. For many years he was in the employ of the Old Colony Railroad Company, but on account of rheumatism was forced to give up work some time since.

A widow and three children survive him: Mr. Daniel J. Walsh and Mrs. Neil C. Pierson of this city and Mr. John Walsh of Brockton.

#### James H. Sweet.

Mr. James H. Sweet, a native of Newport, died at his home in New Bedford last Sunday. He had engaged in farming for many years, but ill health had taken such a strong hold of him he was incapacitated from doing any work for some time past.

Three sons and a daughter survive him, the latter Mrs. Herman Peckham residing in this city. He was also a brother of Mr. Bowen B. Sweet and Mrs. James G. Albro.

#### Leroy L. Chilson.

Leroy L. Chilson died at his home in Woonsocket on Wednesday evening, aged 73. He was at the time he retired from the newspaper and stationery business six years ago the oldest merchant in Woonsocket. At the time of his death he was chairman of the school committee, having served in that position 17 consecutive years, and having been a member of that body 20 years. He was president of the First National Bank for many years. He had been in both branches of the Legislature, and had been chairman of the state committee on education. He was a Republican. He leaves a widow and one son, Fred L., teller in the Industrial Trust Company, Woonsocket.

### Arson is Charged.

For the first time in a great many years the Newport police have made an arrest on a charge of arson and the prisoner is now in the Newport County Jail to await a hearing and possible action by the grand jury.

Wednesday afternoon Samuel Berman of the firm of David & Berman was placed under arrest and Thursday morning he was arraigned before Judge Franklin in the police court on a charge of arson in connection with the fire in the building of I. Lincoln Sherman on Thames street. He pleaded not guilty and was committed to the Newport County Jail to await a hearing on March 15. The charge involves an offense beyond the jurisdiction of the District Court and it will be necessary for the grand jury to take cognizance of the matter.

Early on the morning of Tuesday, February 26, fire broke out in the market of David & Berman in the Sherman building on Thames street, above Washington square. The market was gutted and the restaurant next door was ruined, while the families in the upper floors were in imminent danger. Two alarms were necessary before the flames were extinguished. There were many suspicious circumstances in connection with the fire and there has been much comment around town about it, but as this was not the first case where such talk has occurred it was not believed that any arrest would follow. The fire broke out suddenly and gained great headway in a very few moments. The glass was blown out of the windows as by a powerful explosion and there was every appearance of benzine or naphtha. Although the police officer on the beat had passed but a few moments before the fire broke out he had noticed nothing out of the way. A number of the firemen who entered the building had their suspicions aroused and it was on account of a request from the fire department that the police made a rigid investigation resulting in the arrest of Berman.

Samuel Berman came from Russia about two years ago and after a stay in Fall River came to Newport where he was employed as a clerk by his partner, Moses David, being taken into partnership a short time ago. He is about 26 years old.

By invitation of the pastor, Rev. E. A. Johnson, the members of Rhode Island and Excelsior Lodges of Odd Fellows will attend service at the First Baptist John Clark Memorial Church on Sunday evening, March 10. A special service has been prepared by the pastor.

Paymaster's Clerk Edward F. Delaney, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the cruiser St. Louis.

Mr. John J. Peckham, Jr., has returned to New York, after a visit to his parents, in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Bulkley have returned from a visit to New Brunswick, N. S.

About May 1st steamer New Shoreham will resume her trips to Block Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Peabody have been in New York the past week.

### Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season the Thomas B. Tanner cottage, furnished, on Hope street, between Rhode Island avenue and Powel avenue, to Madame Lola de Garcia of East Greenwich.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for Miss Julia E. Drury and other owners of the same family, their house and lot of 4,030 square feet at corner of Powel avenue and Hope street, to LeRoy K. Westall.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower flat, No. 17, on the easterly side of Colonial street, to Agustus Springett, for the owners of the Builders & Merchants Exchange.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold an extra strip of land containing 1,000 feet next to a sight on Eustis avenue, recently acquired by Dr. V. Mott Francis, to the same gentleman, for the owners, the Gibbs Land Company.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Mrs. K. R. Neill, wife of Colonel E. M. Neill of Beach street, the lower half of her double house at 17 Chapel street, to Thomas Calkin.

### Election of Officers.

#### Miantonomi Club.

President—Anthony Stewart.
Vice President—Edward A. Brown.
Secretary—William J. Cozzens.
Treasurer—George H. Vaughan.
House Committee—Herbert L. Dyer, Edward A. Brown, R. Randolph Barker, Jr.
Auditing Committee—Thomas F. Peckham, John W. Covell.
Governors for three years—John W. Covell, William H. Hammett, Herbert W. Hall, John C. Seabury.

# The Prisoner Of Zenda

By... ANTHONY HOPE

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CHAPTER IV.

WHETHER I had slept a minute or a year I knew not. I awoke with a start and a shiver. My face, hair and clothes dripped water, and opposite me stood old Sapt, a sneering smile on his face and an empty bucket in his hand. On the table by him sat Fritz von Tarlenheim, pale as a ghost and black as a crow under the eyes.

I leaped to my feet in anger.

"Your joke goes too far, sir!" I cried.

"Tut, man, we've no time for quarreling. Nothing else would rouse you. It's 5 o'clock."

"I'll thank you, Colonel Sapt"—I began again hot in spirit, though I was uncommonly cold in body.

"Rassendyll," interrupted Fritz, getting down from the table and taking my arm, "look here."

The king lay full length on the floor. His face was red as his hair, and he breathed heavily. Sapt, the disrespectful old dog, kicked him sharply. He did not stir, nor was there any break in his breathing. I saw that his face and head were wet with water, as were mine.

"We've spent half an hour on him," said Fritz.

"He drank three times what either of you did," growled Sapt.

I knelt down and felt his pulse. It was alarmingly languid and slow. We three looked at one another.

"Was it drugged—that last bottle?" I asked in a whisper.

"I don't know," said Sapt.

"We must get a doctor."

"There's none within ten miles, and a thousand doctors wouldn't take him

*"Was it drugged?"*

to Strelsau today. I know the look of it. He'll not move for six or seven hours yet."

"But the coronation!" I cried in horror.

Fritz shrugged his shoulders, as I began to see was his habit on most occasions.

"We must send word that he's ill," he said.

"I suppose so," said I.

Old Sapt, who seemed as fresh as a daisy, had lit his pipe and was puffing hard at it.

"If he's not crowned today," said he, "I'll lay a crown he's never crowned."

"But, heavens, why?"

"The whole nation's there to meet him—half the army, aye, and Black Michael at the head. Shall we send word that the king's drunk?"

"That he's ill," said I in correction.

"Ill!" echoed Sapt, with a scornful laugh. "They know his illnesses too well. He's been 'ill' before."

"Well, we must chance what they think," said Fritz helplessly. "I'll carry the news and make the best of it."

Sapt raised his hand.

"Tell me," said he, "do you think the king was drugged?"

"I do," said I.

"And who drugged him?"

"That d——d Lorenz, Black Michael," said Fritz between his teeth.

"Aye," said Sapt, "that he might not come to be crowned. Rassendyll here doesn't know our pretty Michael. What think you, Fritz—has Michael no king ready? Has half Strelsau no other candidate? As God's alive, man, the throne's lost if the king show himself not in Strelsau today. I know Black Michael."

"We could carry him there," said I.

"And a very pretty picture he makes!" sneered Sapt.

Fritz von Tarlenheim buried his face in his hands. The king breathed loudly and heavily. Sapt stirred him again with his foot.

"The drunken dog!" he said. "But he's an Elphberg and the son of his father, and may I rot before Black Michael sits in his place!"

For a moment or two we were all silent. Then Sapt, knitting his bushy gray brows, took his pipe from his mouth and said to me:

"As a man grows old he believes in Fate. Fate sent you here. Fate sends you now to Strelsau."

I staggered back, murmuring, "Good God!"

Fritz looked up with an eager, bewildered gaze.

"Impossible!" I muttered. "I should be known."

"It's a risk—against a certainty," said Sapt. "If you shave, I'll wager you'll not be known. Are you afraid?"

"Sir!"

"Come, lad—there, there. But it's your life, you know, if you're known—and mine—and Fritz's here. But if you don't go I swear to you Black Michael will sit tonight on the throne and the king lie in prison or his grave."

"The king would never forgive it," I stammered.

"Are we women? Who cares for his forgiveness?"

The clock ticked fifty times, and sixty and seventy times, as I stood in thought. Then I suppose a look came over my face, for old Sapt caught me by the hand, crying:

"You'll go?"

"Yes; I'll go," said I, and I turned my eyes on the prostrate figure of the king on the floor.

"Tonight," Sapt went on in a hasty whisper, "we are to lodge in the palace. The moment they leave us you and I will mount our horses—Fritz must stay here and guard the king's room—and ride here at a gallop. The king will be ready—Josef will tell him—and he must ride back with me to Strelsau, and you ride as if the devil were behind you to the frontier."

I took it all in in a second and nodded my head.

"There's a chance," said Fritz, with his first sign of hopefulness.

"If I escape detection," said I.

"If we're detected," said Sapt, "I'll send Black Michael down below before I go myself, so help me heaven! Sit in that chair, man."

I obeyed him.

He darted from the room, calling, "Josef, Josef!" In three minutes he was back, and Josef with him. The latter carried a jug of hot water, soap and razors. He was trembling as Sapt told him how the land lay and bade him shave me.

Suddenly Fritz smote on his thigh:

"But the guard! They'll know! They'll know!"

"Pooh! We shan't wait for the guard. We'll ride to Hofban and catch a train there. When they come the bird 'll be flown."

"But the king?"

"The king will be in the wine cellar. I'm going to carry him there now."

"If they find him?"

"They won't. How should they? Josef will put them off."

"But"—

Sapt stamped his foot.

"We're not playing," he roared. "Don't I know the risk? If they do find him he's no worse off than if he isn't crowned today in Strelsau."

So speaking, he flung the door open and, stooping, put forth a strength I did not dream he had and lifted the king in his hands. And as he did so the old woman, Johanna, the keeper's mother, stood in the doorway. For a moment she stood, then she turned on her heel without a sign of surprise and clattered down the passage.

"Has she heard?" cried Fritz.

"I'll shut her mouth!" said Sapt grimly, and he bore off the king in his arms.

For me, I sat down in an armchair, and as I sat there, half dazed, Josef clipped and scraped me till my mustache and imperial were things of the past and my face was as bare as the king's. And when Fritz saw me thus he drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"By Jove, we shall do it!"

It was 6 o'clock now, and we had no time to lose. Sapt hurried me into the king's room, and I dressed myself in the uniform of a colonel of the guard, finding time as I slipped on the king's boots to ask Sapt what he had done with the old woman.

"She swore she'd heard nothing," said he, "but to make sure I tied her legs together and put a handkerchief in her mouth and bound her hands and locked her up in the coal cellar next door to the king. Josef 'll look after them both later on."

Then I burst out laughing, and even old Sapt grimly smiled.

"I fancy," said he, "that when Josef tells them the king is gone they'll think it is because we smelt a rat. For you may swear Black Michael doesn't expect to see him in Strelsau today."

I put the king's helmet on my head. Old Sapt handed me the king's sword, looking at me long and carefully.

"Thank God, he shaved his beard!" he exclaimed.

"Why did he?" I asked.

"Because Princess Flavia said he grazed her cheek when he was graciously pleased to give her a cousinly kiss. Come, though, we must ride."

"Is all safe here?"

"Nothing's safe anywhere," said Sapt, "but we can make it no safer."

Fritz now rejoined us in the uniform of a captain in the same regiment as that to which my dress belonged. In four minutes Sapt had arrayed himself in his uniform. Josef called that the horses were ready. We jumped on their backs and started at a rapid trot. The game had begun. What would the issue of it be?

The cool morning air cleared my head, and I was able to take in all Sapt said to me. He was wonderful. Fritz hardly spoke, riding like a man asleep, but Sapt, without another word for the king, began at once to instruct me most minutely in the history of my past life, of my family, of my tastes, pursuits, weaknesses, friends, companions and servants. He told me the etiquette of the Ruritania court, promising to be constantly at my elbow to point out everybody whom I ought to know and give me hints with what degree of favor to greet them.

"By the way," he said, "you are a Catholic, I suppose?"

"Not I," I answered.

"Lord, he's a heretic!" groaned Sapt, and forthwith he fell to a rudimentary lesson in the practices and observances of the Romish faith.

"Luckily," said he, "you won't be expected to know much, for the king's notoriously lax and careless about such matters. But you must be as civil as butter to the cardinal. We hope to win him over because he and Michael have a standing quarrel about their precedence."

We were by now at the station. Fritz had recovered nerve enough to explain to the astonished station master that the king had changed his plans. The train steamed up. We got into a first class carriage, and Sapt, leaning back on the cushions, went on with his lesson. I looked at my watch—the king's watch it was, of course. It was just 8.

"I wonder if they've gone to look for us," I said.

"I hope they won't find the king," said Fritz nervously, and this time it was Sapt who shrugged his shoulders.

The train traveled well, and at half-past 9, looking out of the window, I saw the towers and spires of a great city.

"Your capital, my liege," grinned old Sapt, with a wave of his hand, and, leaning forward, he laid his finger on my pulse. "A little too quick," said he in his grumbling tone.

"I'm not made of stone!" I exclaimed.

"You'll do," said he, with a nod. "We must say Fritz here has caught the ague. Drain your flask, Fritz, for heaven's sake, boy."

Fritz did as he was bid.

"We're an hour early," said Sapt. "We'll send word forward of your majesty's arrival, for there'll be no one here to meet us yet. And meanwhile"—

"Meanwhile," said I, "the king'll be hanged if he doesn't have some breakfast."

Old Sapt chuckled and held out his hand.

"You're an Elphberg, every inch of you," said he. Then he paused and, looking at us, said quietly, "God send we may be alive tonight!"

"Amen!" said Fritz von Tarlenheim.

The train stopped. Fritz and Sapt leaped out, uncovered and held the door for me. I choked down a lump that rose in my throat, settled my helmet firmly on my head and (I'm not ashamed to say it) breathed a short prayer to God. Then I stepped on the platform of the station at Strelsau.

A moment later all was bustle and confusion—men hurrying up, hats in hand, and hurrying off again; men conducting me to the buffet; men mounting and riding in hot haste to the quarters of the troops, to the cathedral, to the residence of Duke Michael. Even as I swallowed the last drop of my cup of coffee the bells throughout all the city broke out into a joyful peal, and the sound of a military band and of men cheering smote upon my ear.

King Rudolf V. was in his good city of Strelsau! And they shouted outside:

"God save the king!"

Old Sapt's mouth wrinkled into a smile.

"God save 'em both!" he whispered. "Courage, lad!" and I felt his hand press my knee.

CHAPTER V.

WITH Fritz von Tarlenheim and Colonel Sapt close behind me, I stepped out of the buffet on to the platform. The last thing I did was to feel if my revolver were handy and my sword loose in the scabbard. A gay group of officers and high dignitaries stood waiting me, at their head a tall old man, covered with medals and of military bearing. He wore the yellow and red ribbon of the Red Rose of Ruritania, which, by the way, decorated my unworthy breast also.

"Marshal Strakencz," whispered Sapt, and I knew that I was in the presence of the most famous veteran of the Ruritanian army.

Just behind the marshal stood a short, spare man in flowing robes of black and crimson.

"The chancellor of the kingdom," whispered Sapt.

The marshal greeted me in a few loyal words and proceeded to deliver an apology from the Duke of Strelsau. The duke, it seemed, had been afflicted with a sudden indisposition which made it impossible for him to come to the station, but he craved leave to await his majesty at the cathedral. I expressed my concern, accepted the marshal's excuses very suavely, and received the compliments of a large number of distinguished personages. No one betrayed the least suspicion, and I felt my nerve returning and the agitated beating of my heart subsiding. But Fritz was still pale, and his hand shook like a leaf as he extended it to the marshal.

Presently we formed procession and took our way to the door of the station. Here I mounted my horse, the marshal holding my stirrup. The civil dignitaries went off to their carriages, and I started to ride through the streets with the marshal on my right and Sapt, who, as my chief aid-de-camp, was entitled to the place on my left. The city of Strelsau is partly old and partly new. Spacious modern boulevards and residential quarters surround and embrace the narrow, tortuous and picturesque streets of the original town. In the outer circles the upper classes live, in the inner the shops are situated, and behind their prosperous fronts lie hidden populous but wretched lanes and alleys filled with a poverty stricken, turbulent and (in large measure) criminal class. These social and local divisions corresponded, as I knew from Sapt's information, to another division more important to me. The new town was for the king, but to the old town Michael of Strelsau was a hope, a hero and a darling.

The scene was very brilliant as we passed along the Grand boulevard and on to the great square where the royal palace stood. Here I was in the midst of my devoted adherents. Every house was hung with red and bedecked with flags and mottoes. The streets were lined with raised seats on each side, and I passed along, bowing this way and that, under a shower of cheers, blessings and waving handkerchiefs. The balconies were full of gayly dressed ladies, who clapped their hands and curtsied and threw their brightest glances at me. A torrent of red roses fell on me. One bloom lodged in my horse's mane, and I took it and stuck it in my coat. The marshal smiled grimly. I had stolen some glances at his face, but he was too impassive to show me whether his sympathies were with me or not.

"The red rose for the Elphbergs, marshal," said I gayly, and he nodded.

I have written "gayly," and a strange word it must seem. But the truth is that I was drunk with excitement. At that moment I believed—I almost believed—that I was in very truth the king, and with a look of laughing triumph I raised my eyes to the beauty laden balconies, and then I started. For, looking down on me, with her handsome face and proud smile, was the lady who had been my fellow traveler, Antoinette de Mauban, and I saw her also start, and her lips moved, and she leaned forward and gazed at me. And I, collecting myself, met her eyes full and square, while again I fell my revolver. Suppose she had cried aloud, "That's not the king!"

Well, we went by, and then the marshal, turning round in his saddle, waved his hand, and the cuirassiers closed round us, so that the crowd could not come near me. We were leaving my quarters and entering Duke Michael's, and this action of the marshal's showed me more clearly than words what the state of feeling in the town must be. But if Fate made me a king the least I could do was to play the part handsomely.

"Why this change in our order, marshal?" said I.

The marshal bit his white mustache.

"It is more prudent, sire," he murmured.

I drew rein.

"Let those in front ride on," said I, "till they are fifty yards ahead. But do you, marshal, and Colonel Sapt and my friends wait here till I have ridden fifty yards. And see that no one is nearer to me. I will have my people see that their king trusts them."

Sapt laid his hand on my arm. I shook him off. The marshal hesitated.

"Am I not understood?" said I, and, biting his mustache again, he gave the orders. I saw old Sapt smiling into his beard, but he shook his head at me. If I had been killed in open day in the streets of Strelsau Sapt's position would have been a difficult one.

Perhaps I ought to say that I was dressed all in white, except my boots. I wore a silver helmet with gilt ornaments, and the broad ribbon of the Rose looked well across my chest. I should be paying a poor compliment to the king if I did not set modesty aside and admit that I made a very fine figure. So the people thought, for, when I, riding alone, entered the dingy, sparsely decorated, somber streets of the old town there was first a murmur, then a cheer, and a woman, from a window above a cookshop, cried the old local saying:

"If he's red, he's right!" Whereat I laughed and took off my helmet that she might see that I was of the right color, and they cheered me again at that.

It was more interesting riding thus alone, for I heard the comments of the crowd.

"He looks paler than his wont," said one.

"You'd look pale if you lived as he did," was the highly disrespectful retort.

"He's a bigger man than I thought," said another.

"So he had a *good* jaw under that beard, after all," commented a third.

"The pictures of him aren't him a one enough," declared a pretty girl, taking great care that I should hear. No doubt it was mere flattery.

But in spite of these signs of approval and interest the mass of the people

*"If he's red, he's right!"*

received me in silence and with sullen looks, and my dear brother's portrait ornamented most of the windows—which was an ironical sort of greeting to the king. I was quite glad that he had been spared the unpleasant sight. He was a man of quick temper, and perhaps he would not have taken it so placidly as I did.

At last we were at the cathedral. Its great gray front, embellished with hundreds of statues and boasting a pair of the finest oak doors in Europe, rose for the first time before me, and the sudden sense of my audacity almost overcame me. Everything was in a mist as I dismounted. I saw the marshal and Sapt dimly, and dimly the throng of gorgeously robed priests who awaited me. And my eyes were still dim as I walked up the great nave with the pealing of the organ in my ears. I saw nothing of the brilliant throng that filled it; I hardly distinguished the stately figure of the cardinal as he rose from the archiepiscopal throne to greet me. Two faces only stood out side by side clearly before my eyes—the face of a girl, pale and lovely, surmounted by a crown of the glorious Elphberg hair (for in a woman it is glorious), and the face of a man whose full blooded red cheeks, black hair and dark, deep eyes told me that at last I was in the presence of my brother, Black Michael. And when he saw me his red cheeks went pale all in a moment and his helmet fell with a clatter on the floor. Till that moment I believe that he had not realized that the king was in very truth come to Strelsau.

Of what followed next I remember nothing. I knelt before the altar and the cardinal anointed my head. Then I rose to my feet and stretched out my hand and took from him the crown of Ruritania and set it on my head, and I swore the old oath of the king. Then the great organ pealed out again, the marshal bade the heralds proclaim me, and Rudolf V. was crowned king, of which imposing ceremony an excellent picture hangs now in my dining room. The portrait of the king is very good.

Then the lady with the pale face and the glorious hair, her train held by two pages, stepped from her place and came to where I stood. And a herald cried:

"Her royal highness the Princess Flavia!"

She courtesied low and put her hand under mine and raised my hand and kissed it. And for an instant I thought what I had best do. Then I drew her to me and kissed her twice on the cheek, and she blushed red, and—why, then his eminence the cardinal archbishop slipped in front of Black Michael and kissed my hand and presented me with a letter from the pope, the first and last which I have ever received from that exalted quarter!

And then came the Duke of Strelsau. His step trembled, I swear, and he looked to the right and to the left, as a man looks who thinks on flight, and his face was patched with red and white, and his hand shook so that it jumped under mine, and I felt his lips dry and parched. And I glanced at Sapt, who was smiling again into his beard, and, resolutely doing my duty in that station of life to which I had been marvelously called, I took my dear Michael by both hands and kissed him on the cheek. I think we were both glad when that was over!

But neither in the face of the princess nor in that of any other did I see the least doubt or questioning. Yet had I and the king stood side by side they could have told us in an instant, or at least on a little consideration. But neither they nor anyone else dreamed or imagined that I could be other than the king. So the likeness served, and for an hour I stood there, feeling as weary and blase as though I had been a king all my life, and everybody kissed my hand, and the ambassadors paid me their respects, among them old Lord Topham, at whose house in Grosvenor square I had danced a score of times. Thank heaven, the old man was as blind as a bat and did not claim my acquaintance.

Then back we went through the streets to the palace, and I heard them cheering Black Michael, but he, Fritz told me, sat biting his nails like a man in a reverie, and even his own friends said that he should have made a braver show. I was in a carriage now, side by side with the Princess Flavia, and a rough fellow cried out:

"And when's the wedding?" and as he spoke another struck him in the face, crying: "Long live Duke Michael!" and the princess colored—it was an admirable tint—and looked straight in front of her.

Now I felt in a difficulty, because I had forgotten to ask Sapt the state of my affections or how far matters had gone between the princess and myself. Frankly, had I been the king the further they had gone the better should I have been pleased, for I am not a slow blooded man, and I had not kissed Princess Flavia's cheek for nothing. These thoughts passed through my head; but, not being sure of my ground, I said nothing, and in a moment or two the princess, recovering her equanimity, turned to me.

"Do you know, Rudolf," said she, "you look somehow different today?"

The fact was not surprising, but the remark was disquieting.

"You look," she went on, "more sober, more sedate. You're almost careworn, and I declare you're thinner. Surely it's not possible that you've begun to take anything seriously?"

The princess seemed to hold of the king much the same opinion that Lady Burlesdon held of me.

I braced myself up to the conversation.

"Would that please you?" I asked softly.

"Oh, you know my views," said she, turning her eyes away.

"Whatever pleases you I try to do," I said, and as I saw her smile and blush I thought that I was playing the king's hand very well for him. So I continued, and what I said was perfectly true:

"I assure you, my dear cousin, that nothing in my life has affected me more than the reception I've been greeted with today."

She smiled brightly, but in an instant grew grave again and whispered:

"Did you notice Michael?"

"Yes," said I, adding, "He wasn't enjoying himself."

"Do be careful!" she went on. "You don't—indeed you don't—keep enough watch on him. You know"—

"I know," said I, "that he wants what I've got."

"Yes. Hush."

Then, and I can't justify it, for I committed the king far beyond what I had a right to do—I suppose she carried me off my feet—I went on:

"And, perhaps, also something which I haven't got yet, but hope to win some day."

This was my answer—had I been the king I should have thought it encouraging:

"Haven't you enough responsibilities on you for one day, cousin?"

Bang, bang! Blare, blare! We were at the palace. Guns were firing and trumpets blowing. Rows of larkeys stood waiting, and, handing the princess up the broad marble staircase, I took formal possession as a crowned king of the house of my ancestors and sat down at my own table, with my cousin on my right hand, on her other side Black Michael and on my left his eminence the cardinal. Behind my chair stood Sapt, and at the end of the table I saw Fritz von Tarlenheim drain to the bottom his glass of champagne rather sooner than he decently should.

I wondered what the king of Ruritania was doing.

CHAPTER VI.

WE were in the king's dressing room—Fritz von Tarlenheim, Sapt and I. I flung myself exhausted into an armchair. Sapt lit his pipe. He uttered no congratulations on the marvelous success of our wild risk, but his whole bearing was eloquent of satisfaction. The triumph, aided perhaps by good wine, had made a new man of Fritz.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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### Music that Sooths.

"Miss Yellitt! Miss Yellitt!" exclaimed the music teacher in dispair to his shrieking pupil. "Remember you are singing an 'Invitation to Summer.' You are begging it to come—not daring it!" Tit-Bits.

### He Knew Women.

She—Why is it a man always drops into a back seat when he goes to church?

He—Because he has no bonnet to show, my dear.—Yonkers Statesman.

There was a little Irish boy named Patsy, who came to the United States with his family. One morning his teacher in the public school asked him: "Who was the first man, Patsy?"

"George Washington," was the prompt reply.

"Oh, no," said the teacher: "George Washington was the father of his country, but Adam was the first man."

"Well," responded Patsy, "I didn't know ye wor speakin' o' furriners."

The elderly lady who was looking through the shop of a dealer in knickknacks picked up a small handbag. "Are you sure," she inquired, "that this is a real crocodile-skin?"

"Absolutely certain, madam," replied the dealer; "I shot the crocodile myself."

"It looks rather soiled," observed his customer.

"Naturally, madam," explained the salesman; "that is where it struck the ground when it tumbled off the tree."

His mother tucked 4-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?"

"Course I do," he returned sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer." —Youth's Companion.

She—Did you enjoy the opera last night, Herr Schwarz?

He—No; I couldn't hear anything.

She—Why not?

He—Two ladies sat in front of me and chattered the whole evening about how much they loved music.—Kleiner Witzblatt.

Elderly Lady (to workman who has given her his seat in the street car)—Oh, thank you very much.

Workman—Oh, that's nothing at all, Miss. Many men only get up when the lady is pretty, but it never makes any difference to me.—Die Muskete.

"Are you sure the sick man wanted me?" asked the physician, reaching for his hat.

"He didn't mention your name, but he's screaming for some one that'll put him out of his misery and I thought of you right away."—Houston Post.

Maula—I can't think why your second concert didn't go; the first was so crowded.

Dora—That's just it. We sent tickets to all our friends for the first concert, and hadn't even acquaintances left for the second one.—Slovo.

Boarder (warmly)—Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses twenty years for nothing?

Landlady (frigidly)—I shouldn't be at all surprised.—New Yorker.

## THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"What a day for you to remember!" he cried. "Gad, I'd like to be a king for twelve hours myself! But, Rassendyll, you mustn't throw your heart too much into the part. I don't wonder Black Michael looked blacker than ever. You and the princess had so much to say to one another."

"How beautiful she is!" I exclaimed.

"Never mind the woman," growled Sapt. "Are you ready to start?"

"Yes," said I, with a sigh.

It was 5 o'clock, and at 12 I should be no more than Rudolf Rassendyll. I remarked on it in a joking tone.

"You'll be lucky," observed Sapt grimly, "if you're not the late Rudolf Rassendyll. By heaven! I feel my head wabbling on my shoulders every minute you're in the city. Do you know, friend, that Michael has had news from Zenda? He went into a room alone to read it, and he came out looking like a man dazed."

"I'm ready," said I, this news making me none the more eager to linger.

Sapt sat down.

"I must write us an order to leave the city. Michael's governor, you know, and we must be prepared for hindrances. You must sign the order."

"My dear colonel, I've not been bred a forger!"

Out of his pocket Sapt produced a piece of paper.

"There's the king's signature," he said, "and here," he went on after another search in his pocket, "is some tracing paper. If you can't manage a 'Rudolf' in ten minutes, why—I can."

"Your education has been more comprehensive than mine," said I. "You write it."

And a very tolerable forgery did this versatile hero produce.

"Now, Fritz," said he, "the king goes to bed. He is upset. No one is to see him till 9 o'clock tomorrow. You understand—no one?"

"I understand," answered Fritz.

"Michael may come and claim immediate audience. You'll answer that only princes of the blood are entitled to it."

"That'll annoy Michael," laughed Fritz.

"You quite understand?" asked Sapt again. "If the door of this room is opened while we're away you're not to be alive to tell us about it."

"I need no schooling, colonel," said Fritz, a trifle haughtily.

"Here, wrap yourself in this big cloak," Sapt continued to me, "and put on this flat cap. My orderly rides with me to the shooting lodge tonight."

"There's an obstacle," I observed. "The horse doesn't live that can carry me forty miles."

"Oh, yes, he does—two of him; one here, one at the lodge. Now are you ready?"

"I'm ready," said I.

Fritz held out his hand.

"In case," said he, and we shook hands heartily.

"Hang your sentiment!" growled Sapt. "Come along."

He went, not to the door, but to a panel in the wall.

"In the old king's time," said he, "I knew this way well."

I followed him, and we walked, as I should estimate, near two hundred yards along a narrow passage. Then we came to a stout oak door. Sapt unlocked it. We passed through and found ourselves in a quiet street that ran along the back of the palace gardens. A man was waiting for us with two horses. One was a magnificent bay, up to any weight; the other a sturdy brown. Sapt signed to me to mount the bay. Without a word to the man we mounted and rode away. The town was full of noise and merriment, but we took secluded ways. My cloak was wrapped over half my face; the capacious flat cap hid every lock of my telltale hair. By Sapt's directions I crouched on my saddle and rode with such a round back as I hope never to exhibit on a horse again. Down a long, narrow lane we went, meeting some wanderers and some roisterers, and as we rode we heard the cathedral bells still clanging out their welcome to the king. It was half-past 6 and still light. At last we came to the city wall and to a gate.

"Have your weapon ready," whispered Sapt. "We must stop his mouth if he talks."

I put my hand on my revolver. Sapt hailed the doorkeeper. The stars fought for us. A little girl of fourteen tripped out.

"Please, sir, father's gone to see the king."

"He'd better have stayed here," said Sapt to me, grinning.

"But he said I wasn't to open the gate, sir."

"Did he, my dear?" said Sapt, dismounting. "Then give me the key."

The key was in the child's hand. Sapt gave her a crown.

"Here's an order from the king. Show it to your father. Orderly, open the gate."

I leaped down. Between us we rolled back the great gate, led our horses out and closed it again.

"I shall be sorry for the doorkeeper if Michael finds out that he wasn't there. Now, then, lad, for a canter. We mustn't go too fast while we're near the town."

Once, however, outside the city we ran little danger, for everybody else was inside merrymaking, and as the evening fell we quickened our pace, my splendid horse bounding along under me as though I had been a feather. It was a fine night, and presently the moon appeared. We talked little on the way and chiefly about the progress we were making.

"I wonder what the duke's dispatches told him," said I once.

"Aye, I wonder!" responded Sapt.

We stopped for a draft of wine and to bait our horses, losing half an hour thus. I dared not go into the inn and stayed with the horses in the stable. Then we went ahead again and had covered some five and twenty miles when Sapt abruptly stopped.

"Hark!" he cried.

I listened. Away, far behind us, in the still of the evening—it was just half past 9—we heard the beat of horses' hoofs. The wind, blowing strong behind us, carried the sound. I glanced at Sapt.

"Come on!" he cried and spurred his horse into a gallop. When we next paused to listen, the hoof beats were not audible, and we relaxed our pace. Then we heard them again. Sapt jumped down and laid his ear to the ground.

"There are two," he said. "They're only a mile behind. Thank God, the road curves in and out and the wind's our way."

We galloped on. We seemed to be holding our own. We had entered the outskirts of the forest of Zenda, and the trees, closing in behind us as the track zigged and zagged, prevented us seeing our pursuers and them from seeing us.

Another half hour brought us to a divide of the road. Sapt drew rein.

"To the right is our road," he said. "To left, to the castle. Each about eight miles. Get down."

"But they'll be on us!" I cried.

"Get down!" he repeated brusquely, and I obeyed.

The wood was dense up to the very edge of the road. We led our horses into the covert, bound handkerchiefs over their eyes and stood beside them.

"You want to see who they are?" I whispered.

"Aye, and where they're going," he answered.

I saw that his revolver was in his hand.

Nearer and nearer came the hoofs. The moon shone out now clear and full, so that the road was white with it. The ground was hard, and we had left no traces.

"Here they come!" whispered Sapt.

"It's the duke!"

"I thought so!" he answered.

It was the duke, and with him a burly fellow whom I knew well and who had cause to know me afterward—Max Holf, brother to Johann, the keeper, and body servant to his highness. They were up to us. The duke reined up. I saw Sapt's finger curl lovingly toward the trigger. I believe he would have given ten years of his life for a shot, and he could have picked off Black Michael as easily as I could a barn door fowl in a farmyard. I laid my hand on his arm. He nodded reassuringly. He was always ready to sacrifice inclination to duty.

"Which way?" asked Black Michael.

"To the castle, your highness," urged his companion. "There we shall learn the truth."

For an instant the duke hesitated.

"I thought I heard hoofs," said he.

"I think not, your highness."

"Why shouldn't we go to the lodge?"

"I fear a trap. If all is well, why go to the lodge? If not, it's a snare to trap us."

Suddenly the duke's horse neighed. In an instant we folded our cloaks close round our horses' heads and, holding them thus, covered the duke and his attendant with our revolvers. If they had found us they had been dead men or our prisoners.

Michael waited a moment longer. Then he cried:

"To Zenda then!" and, setting spurs to his horse, galloped on.

Sapt raised his weapon after him, and there was such an expression of wistful regret on his face that I had much ado not to burst out laughing.

For ten minutes we stayed where we were.

"You see," said Sapt, "they've sent him news that all is well."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"God knows," said Sapt, frowning heavily. "But it's brought him from Strelsau in a rare puzzle."

Then we mounted and rode fast as our weary horses could lay their feet to the ground. For those last eight miles we spoke no more. Our minds were full of apprehension. "All is well." What did it mean? Was all well with the king?

At last the lodge came in sight. Spurring our horses to a last gallop, we rode up to the gate. All was still and quiet. Not a soul came to meet us. We dismounted in haste. Suddenly Sapt caught me by the arm.

"Look here!" he said, pointing to the ground.

I looked down. At my feet lay five or six silk handkerchiefs, torn and slashed and rent. I turned to him questioningly.

"They're what I tied the old woman up with," said he. "Fasten the horses and come along."

The handle of the door turned without resistance. We passed into the room which had been the scene of last night's bout. It was still strewn with the remnants of our meal and with empty bottles.

"Come in!" cried Sapt, whose marvelous composure had at last almost given way.

We rushed down the passage toward the cellars. The door of the coal cellar stood wide open.

"They found the old woman," said I.

"You might have known that from the handkerchiefs," he said.

Then we came opposite the door of the wine cellar. It was shut. It looked in all respects as it had looked when we left it that morning.

"Come, it's all right," said I.

A loud oath from Sapt rang out. His face turned pale, and he pointed again at the floor. From under the door a red stain had spread over the floor of the passage and dried there. Sapt sank against the opposite wall. I tried the door. It was locked.

"Where's Josef?" muttered Sapt.

"Where's the king?" I responded.

Sapt took out a flask and put it to his lips. I ran back to the dining room and seized a heavy poker from the fireplace. In my terror and excitement I rained blows on the lock of the door, and I fired a cartridge into it. It gave way, and the door swung open.

"Give me a light," said I, but Sapt still leaned against the wall.

He was, of course, more moved than I, for he loved his master. Afraid for himself he was not—no man ever saw him that—but to think what might lie in that dark cellar was enough to turn any man's face pale. I went myself and took a silver candlestick from the dining table and struck a light, and as I returned I felt the hot wax drip on my naked hand as the candle swayed to and fro, so that I cannot afford to despise Colonel Sapt for his agitation.

I came to the door of the cellar. The red stain, turning more and more to a dull brown, stretched inside. I walked two yards into the cellar and held the candle high above my head. I saw full bins of wine; I saw spiders crawling on the walls; I saw, too, a couple of empty bottles lying on the floor, and then, away in the corner, I saw the body of a man lying flat on his back with his arms stretched wide and a crimson gash across his throat. I walked to him and knelt down beside him and commended to God the soul of a faithful man, for it was the body of Josef, the little servant, slain in guarding the king.

I felt a hand on my shoulder and, turning, saw Sapt's eyes, glaring and terror struck, beside me.

"The king! My God, the king!" he whispered hoarsely.

I threw the candle's gleam over every inch of the cellar.

"The king is not here," said I.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Luck and Reputations.

"Nobody gifted with a sense of humor can fail to be diverted by the Puck-like manner in which luck makes and unmakes reputations for business ability," says Will Payne in Everybody's. "Years ago a gentleman named Jennings was an extensive owner of downtown real estate in Chicago. He was the first, I believe, to develop on a large scale the modern system of the ninety-nine year lease, whereby the owner insures to himself and his heirs for a century an absolutely fixed rental, free and clear of all charges. After Mr. Jennings had leased a lot of his lands for ninety-nine years a depression came on. Other people's incomes were curtailed, but his was stable. 'What foresight!' said the town. 'What sagacity!' 'What superb business judgment!' Mr. Jennings' views on the business situation and outlook were eagerly sought. The depression passed. Realty prices advanced immensely. The Jennings lots could have been leased at twice the rental named in the old indenture. The town shook its head sympathetically over poor Mr. Jennings' deplorable shortsightedness."

### Woes of a Drummer.

"I'm just a little discouraged with my work," said the tall New York boy who has started out on the road. "I was making my second trip west when I met an old drummer who had been on the road for more than thirty years. He sat with grip between his knees and talked to me.

"'Chuck it, my boy,' he said. 'If there is anything else in the world you can do, do it. Look at my gray hairs. I don't know what it is to have a home. For thirty years I have seen my wife about once in five weeks. I know that I've a wife and children in a flat in New York, but that's all I do know about them. The children have grown up and married, but I have not had time to attend their weddings. My wife has grown gray, too, but she has had the best of it. She has had a home and the children. If there is anything else in the world you can do, my boy,' he repeated, 'quit drumming, and do it.'"

### Curious Blunders.

Some remarkable mistakes in memorials have totally escaped notice until it was too late to rectify them. The spurs on the boots of Cromwell's statue at Westminster abbey, London, are the most interesting feature of the monument, although they generally get no attention at all from sightseers. They are worn upside down. In a painted window on the staircase which leads from the floor of Westminster palace to the committee rooms an inscription on a sword wielded by the "Black Prince" has the words "Prince of Wales." Again, in the fresco depicting the embarkation of the pilgrim fathers in the corridor leading from the outer lobby at St. Stephen's to the house of lords the Mayflower is shown to be hoisting the union jack, a flag which did not come into existence until 250 years after the days of the historic Mayflower.

### A "Ringers' Jug."

A beer jug in a belfry is happily somewhat of a rarity in these days. At the beginning of the last century, however, people were not so particular. The ringers' jug at Beccles, in Suffolk, holds six gallons, a sufficiency to sustain the ten weary ringers, though the weight of the bells did exceed six tons. The vessel is made of red earthenware and has three handles, one of which is concealed by the neck. It bears the following inscription in quaint spelling:

"When I am fill'd with liquor strong
Each Man drink once and then ding dong.
Drink not too much to Cloud your Knobs
Least you forget to make the Bobbs.

A gift of John Pattman Beccles." On the reverse side is the maker's name, "Samuel Stringfellow, Potter."—London Strand.

### The Scallop.

The scallop can anchor itself as well as any ship. It never fails to drop its anchor on the approach of rough weather. The scallop, lying in its bed of shoal water, foresees a storm in true sailor fashion and at once puts out a tough and elastic little cable from a point near its hinge. This cable it fastens firmly to the nearest rock. It is then secure in the vilest weather. He who wades through scallop haunted shoals as a storm approaches may see the tiny shellfish mooring themselves on all sides with silent bustle.

### Men-of-war on Paper.

Each man-of-war is built upon paper before a single plate of steel is forged. Not only are the length and breadth of a ship decided upon, but the naval constructor can tell to an ounce how much water she will displace when her armor and guns are mounted upon her, how many times her propellers will revolve in a minute with a given pressure of steam and how many tons of coal an hour must be consumed to attain a certain rate of speed.—London Graphic.

### His Gloomy Life.

"What," asked the sweet girl, "was the happiest moment of your life?"

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the old bachelor, "was when the jeweler took back an engagement ring and gave me sleeve links in exchange."

# HUMOR

## ALL ABOUT A BOOK.

**Trouble In Store For the One Who Threw It Out of the Window.**

"Will you please take that book out of this seat?"

"What for?"

"I'd like to sit down here."

"Plenty of other seats in this car, are there not?"

"Yes, sir, but this happens to be the one I want."

"Just so."

(Pause.)

"Will you take that book out of this seat?"

"No, sir."

"You will not?"

"I will not."

"I think it's hoggish for a man to pile his baggage on the seat alongside of him."

"I don't care a continental what you think."

(Another pause.)

"Once more, will you take that book out of this seat?"

"Once more, sir, no."

"Then I'll throw it out of the window."

"I advise you not to do it."

"So?"

"Yes. You might get yourself into trouble."

By the way of reply the irate passenger picked up the offending book and hurled it through the open window.

"Now, sir," he demanded, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing. The book isn't mine."

"Whose is it?"

"I think it belongs to that husky looking fellow in the other end of the car who seems to be coming back to look for it."—Chicago Tribune.

### Well Meant, But—

The puzzle department of London Truth recently had a competition on examples of unintentionally funny paragraphs. Here are a few of the specimens sent in: "We regret to announce the death at Cairo of Sir A. B. Smith, his London physician having recommended a warmer climate." In a discussion on the dress of the clergy a nonconformist minister declared. "As for me, I will wear no clothes to distinguish me from my fellow men." This came under the "In Memoriam" column: "In loving memory of —, beloved wife of —, who died —. This is inserted by her sorrowed daughters. 'What is home without a mother?' 'Peace, perfect peace.'" "For sale, a handsome St. Bernard puppy; six months old; clean and healthy; will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply X., office of this paper." Seen in a newspaper cutting some years ago. The following newspaper advertisement appeared in a morning newspaper: "Wanted, a gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker."

### More Thorough.

Bobby had gone to Canada to visit his English aunt and was trying to be on his best behavior all the time, but at luncheon when his aunt asked him if he would like some curried chicken he was speechless with surprise.

"What is the matter, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Don't you like curried chicken?"

"I don't know," answered Bobby. "We don't curry ours. We pick them." —Lippincott's Magazine.

### A Thrilling Repast.

"Lady," began the wanderer, "kin I chop some wood fur you?"

"No, thank you," replied the up to date housewife. "We cook and heat entirely by electricity."

"Nothin' I kin do to git a bite to eat?"

"Yes. If you care to peel the shocks from the electric wires I'll allow you to eat the currents."—Harper's Weekly.

### Panic.

"You don't look well this morning, old chap," said the tragedian.

"No," replied the comedian. "I was the victim of a fire panic last night."

"What! When?"

"Oh, the panic struck me when I heard I was going to be fired, but I found this morning it was a false alarm."—Philadelphia Press.

### Willing to Prove It.

Nina—I told you that your old aunt has a will of her own.

Paul (tired of waiting)—I know she has. I wish she would let me prove it.—Strana.

### Well Intended.

"Goodby, Jessie!"

"Goodby, Auntie May. I hope I'll be a great big girl before you come to make us another visit." — Woman's Home Companion.

### In a Way.

Vera — Lieutenant Serge is a good dancer in his way.

Marie—Yes, and in other people's way too.—Strana.


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# The Mercury

Newport, R. I.

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## Saturday, March 9, 1907.

The "unwritten law" has been upheld by a Virginia jury which acquitted two brothers accused of murder. If this is to be the practice, the "unwritten law" had better be transferred to the statute books.

Death has claimed many a prominent citizen of Newport during the past few months, some of them advanced in years and others of an age when many more years of active life might have been expected for them.

The relatives of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy who are seeking for an accounting of her property seem to be determined in their efforts to probe into her affairs. For years there has been much of mystery clinging about the head of the Christian Science Church.

Chief Engineer Stevens is said to be trying for a record at Panama before he is superseded by the Army officers who will take over the work. No one would shed any tears if his energy should result in a summary completion of the task.

The past few months have been record breakers for railroad and steamboat accidents both here and abroad. The value of human life is placed too low in comparison with the desire for speed and economy in transportation. A stringent remedy must be devised to protect the public.

The defense has in the Thaw trial finished the presentation of its evidence and after the witnesses in rebuttal have been heard it will be time for the lawyers to make their pleas. Great forensic efforts are expected from both Delmas and Jerome. The District Attorney is quoted as saying that he thought the case might go to the jury next Friday. It will be well for the country when the trial is over.

Any one Senator of the United States acquires the veto power without constitutional enactment as the end of a session approaches. As the Senate has no closure rule there is nothing to prevent any Senator from talking an offensive bill to death. This was the fate of the ship subsidy bill at the recent session, except that when this end was seen to be inevitable the bill was withdrawn from consideration. The only remedy seems to be to transact the important business before the end of the session, but this is something that all legislative bodies are averse to.

Newport would hate to see the New Haven road part with its marine division, known as the New England Navigation Company. There is no knowing what disposition would be made of the local property of the concern if it should change hands. There is always a possibility that the great repair shops built several years ago at a large cost might be closed and this industry taken away from Newport, which she could ill afford. As long as the New Haven retains control the shops give employment to a large number of men and put much money into circulation in the city.

Some parties, who are interested or who are ignorant of the circumstances are making considerable talk over the fact that Rhode Island has but one United States Senator. Just what harm is done is somewhat difficult to see for there will be no session of Congress until next December, and in the meantime practically all Senators and Representatives will be away from Washington, some of them (including Senator Aldrich) going to Europe. The State will have absolutely nothing to lose if the vacancy is not filled until December and even if the election should go over to the next Legislature there would be but a very few weeks of the Congressional session before a new Senator is elected. But it would be a simple matter to break the deadlock: just let the Colt men or the Goddard men come over to Wetmore.

## General Assembly.

Although an attempt has been made by Senator Nelson W. Aldrich to unite the two Republican factions in the Legislature so that a Senator can be elected, nothing has as yet come of it and there is no indication that there will be any material change in the situation for some time. Each day the vote remains the same in grand committee and both sides are saying that they are determined to stick. On Tuesday a conference was held with Senator Aldrich, four of the leaders of each side presenting their arguments for their candidate. The Wetmore contingent was represented by Senators Stiness and Sanborn and Representatives Burlingame and Bowen, and the Colt faction by Senators Arnold and Metcalf and Representatives Harris and Bliss. Absolutely nothing was accomplished, each side being determined to stick by its candidate, and Senator Aldrich has started for Europe, leaving the Legislature to fight its own battles.

The House has at last got down to business and has begun the consideration of the annual appropriation bill, taking it up by sections. After this is passed by the House it will be considered by the Senate so that it will be some time yet before it becomes a law.

Senator Stoddard of Portsmouth and Senator Ward of Middletown have both introduced bills regarding the use of automobiles. A protest has been presented to the Legislature by a large number of voters in New Shoreham protesting against the bill legislating the town officers out of office.

Senator Caswell of Jamestown has introduced a bill amending the charter of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company. The bill making an appropriation for the Newport Artillery which has been passed by the Senate is now in the hands of the House committee on militia. The bill to incorporate the Federal Trust Company caused considerable discussion in the House on Thursday and it was finally sent back to the committee.

Governor Higgins has announced the appointment of William H. Prendergast of Burrillville to be Railroad Commissioner to succeed the late Edward L. Freeman, and of William E. Nichols of Lincoln to be a member of the State Board of Agriculture to succeed the late Obadiah Brown. Both appointments will be considered later.

## Defective Navigation Laws.

The recent collision between the steamer Larchmont and the schooner Harry Knowlton, resulting in great loss of life, has called attention to the necessity of a revision of our navigation laws and the demand for more rigid rules governing the examination of officers of our merchant marine, as to their qualifications for their responsible duties.

The following draft of a bill was prepared some time ago, providing for "certificates of competency," but it received little attention from Congress. We print it now in the hope that it may revive some interest in this important subject:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That examinations shall be instituted for persons who intend to become masters and mates of American foreign-going ships, or home-trade, passenger, or coasting ships, or who wish to procure certificates of competency hereinafter mentioned; and the Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to provide for such examinations at such ports as shall be necessary and convenient, and to appoint, from time to time, a board of examiners, one of whom shall be an officer of the navy nominated by the Secretary of the Navy, one to be nominated by the local board of trade, and one by the board of marine underwriters at their respective ports, which board of examiners shall conduct said examinations.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted That the Secretary of the Treasury shall, from time to time, prescribe rules for the conduct of the examinations and as to the qualifications of the applicants; and the amount of compensation to be paid to the examiners.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That all applicants for examination shall pay such fees, not exceeding the sum of ten dollars, for the certificate of master, and five dollars for the certificate of mate, as the Secretary of the Treasury shall direct. And such fee shall be paid to such persons as the Secretary of the Treasury shall appoint to receive it, and shall constitute a fund for defraying the expenses of such examinations.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That there shall be delivered to every applicant for examination, who is duly reported by the board of examiners to have passed the examination satisfactorily and to have given satisfactory evidence of his sobriety, experience, ability, and general good conduct on shipboard, a certificate of competency, to the effect that he is competent to act as master, or as first, second, or only mate of the fore going ship, or as a master or mate of a home-trade passenger, or coasting ship, which certificate shall be signed by said examiners and approved by the presiding officers of the local boards of trade and underwriters.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That no American foreign-going ship or home-trade, passenger, or coasting ship shall sail from any port of the United States unless the master thereof (and in case of a foreign-going ship, the first and second mates, or only mate, as the case may be, and in the case of a home-trade, passenger, or coasting ship, the first or only mate, as the case may be) have obtained and possess valid certificates of competency appropriate to their several stations in such ship, or of a higher grade; and no such ship, if of one hundred tons or upwards, shall go to sea, as aforesaid, unless at least one officer, besides the master, has obtained and possesses a valid certificate appropriate to the grade of only mate therein, or to a higher grade. And every person who shall employ as master, or first, second, or only mate, of any foreign-going ship, or as master, or first, second, or only mate of a home-trade, passenger or coasting ship, without ascertaining that he is at that time entitled to, and possessed of, such certificate, shall, for each offense, and upon conviction, before any court of the United States, pay a fine not less than one thousand dollars. And every person who, having been engaged to serve as master, or as first, second, or only mate of any foreign-going ship, or master, or first or only mate of a home trade, passenger, or coasting ship, goes to sea as aforesaid as such master or mate, without being at the time entitled to, and possessed of such certificate, as hereinbefore required, such person shall for such offense, and upon conviction as aforesaid, incur a penalty of not more than one thousand dollars. And all penalties recovered under this act shall be paid into the treasury of the United States.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That every certificate of competency for a foreign-going ship shall entitle the holder thereof to go to sea in the corresponding grade in a home-trade, passenger, or coasting ship, but no certificate for a home-trade, passenger, or coasting ship shall entitle the holder thereof to go to sea as master or mate of a foreign-going ship.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That all certificates of competency shall be made in duplicate, one of which shall be given to the person entitled thereto, and the other shall be transmitted to such person as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct, who shall be called the registrar of seamen and who shall keep a register of all persons to whom such certificates are issued, and immediate notice shall be given to, the registrar of all orders suspending, cancelling, or altering any such certificate in pursuance of the powers herein contained, and he shall thereupon make an entry thereof in the record of certificates, and a copy certified by such registrar of any certificate shall be prima facie evidence of such certificate, and a copy of any entry made as aforesaid in respect to any certificate shall be prima facie evidence of the truth of the matters therein stated.

Sec 8 And be it further enacted, That whenever any master or mate shall prove satisfactorily to any board of examiners that he has without fault on his part lost, or been deprived of, any certificate already granted to him, a copy of the certificate to which he may be entitled shall be made out and delivered to him, upon payment of a fee not exceeding two dollars, which copy shall have all the effect of the original.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That any person who shall make or assist or procure to be made, any false representation for the purpose of obtaining for himself, or for any other person, a certificate of competency, or who shall make or assist or procure to be made, or who shall fraudulently alter, or assist, or procure to be fraudulently altered, any such certificate, or who shall fraudulently make use of any such certificate, or any copy thereof, which is forged, altered, cancelled, suspended, or to which he is not justly entitled, or who shall fraudulently lend his certificate, or allow the same to be used by any other person, shall, for every such offense be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and be punished, on conviction, by fine not less than one thousand dollars, or imprisonment not exceeding one year.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That in the event of any disaster to a vessel by which property or life is lost, the Secretary of the Treasury shall have power, and is hereby authorized upon application made by any person in interest, either as owner, underwriter, shipper, passenger, officer, or one-third or more of a crew, to direct an investigation into the facts and circumstances attending such disaster or loss, and the board of investigation shall consist (when practicable) of the board of examiners for the home port of said vessel, which board shall have power to summon witnesses and examine them on oath, and if it shall appear that such disaster was the result of carelessness, ignorance, drunkenness, misconduct, or default of any of the officers of said vessel, the certificate of such officer may be suspended or cancelled by the Secretary of the Treasury; and such certificate shall be thereupon delivered to the board, who shall transmit the same to the register of seamen.

Sec. 11. And be it further enacted, That any master who has commanded a foreign-going sailing ship on three separate and distinct voyages or during two years of actual sea-service, prior to the date of this act, and who can produce satisfactory evidence from his owners or other persons as to his ability as a seaman, navigator and commander, as well as to his sobriety and general good conduct on shipboard, may be granted, at the discretion of the board of examiners, a certificate of service, in lieu of the certificate of competency hereinbefore provided for, the same rules, limitations and regulations governing the one certificate as the other.

* * * * * * *

Sec. 18. This act shall not apply to vessels engaged in the whale or cod or mackerel fisheries.

## The Great Problem.

The great problem of this century, as far as the United States is concerned, seems to be the digging of the Panama Canal. It is certainly the knottiest job that this administration has undertaken. One after another of the chief directors of the work has come and gone, leaving an impression that it is difficult to define, but which involves, at any rate, some element of disappointment. It is not quite two years since the reorganization was effected which placed Mr. Shonts at the head of the Canal Commission, with Mr. Wallace, the chief engineer, as vice-president and general manager. In the interval, Mr. Wallace and Mr. Shonts have severed their connection with the work, and their example has now been followed by Mr. Stevens, the successor of both, who a short time ago asked to be entirely relieved from work on the canal as soon as he could be replaced by a competent person and that person could become familiar with the work. This last withdrawal has been a factor in bringing about the change of policy. The President in order to put a stop to this continual change of control and management has put a government engineer in the person of Major Goethals in charge, who cannot well resign. It is not the purpose of the President, by this appointment, to disturb in any way the present organization on the isthmus, which he regards as very satisfactory, nor to interfere with the work being done by the present assistant chief engineer, Mr. Ripley, and the various heads of departments. The organization already created can, he thinks, be relied upon, under competent leadership, to make further and constant progress, pending a period within which a new contract can be made.

For the present, the President has decided that the bids made under the existing form of contract should be rejected. That purpose was to secure in the building of the canal the services of the best, most experienced and most skilled contractors in the country, at the least risk to them and at the least expense to the government. An investigation into the two bids referred to convinces the President that this purpose has failed. In each bid, he says, the contractors of experience, whose personal services in the work are what the commission has sought, have made arrangements to divide the profits under the percentage bids with bankers or others to whom they have had to look for the needed capital, while the contractors who are actually to do the work have arranged to accept a comparatively small proportion of the profits accruing under the contract. In other words, the government by this arrangement is made to pay a high percentage for the use of capital which it might itself have furnished at a much lower rate, while the percentage which the contractors are to receive for the real benefit they are to confer on the government is reduced to very meager and, perhaps, inadequate compensation.

The outcome of this new policy will be awaited with interest. It will secure an element of continuity in administration and supervision which has been lacking, while, as indicated, it will not preclude a resort to contractors where their services may be availed of in the interest of economy and speed.

## Washington Matters.

**Why Mr. Stevens Left the Panama Canal—Mr. Oliver is Awfully Mad with the President—More Work for the Interstate Commerce Commission—Notes.**

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1907.

There is an explanation in the air as to why Chief Engineer John F. Stevens quit the canal work so suddenly. It is a partial explanation at any rate, and has to do with a disagreement between him and the President. It looks to the outsider like a case of cranial enlargement. Mr. Stevens is a good engineer, few better. But it is known he is very sensitive to criticism, newspaper or otherwise. He has gotten plenty of criticism since he has been on the isthmus, some of it perhaps warranted and much of it unjust. However that may have been, it nettled him and he complained to the President. The President patted him on the back as it were and told him to go ahead, that he was just the man and the only man for the work. Now that was just a polite figure of speech. No man is absolutely essential to any undertaking and the President knows it if Mr. Stevens does not.

But the encouragement led him to make more demands for encouragement and moral support and then came the threat of resigning, made not with the idea that it would be accepted, but in the thought that the Administration would have a chill at the idea of losing his valuable services. Just what sort of a chill it threw into the Administration may be judged by the celerity with which Mr. Stevens was allowed to translate his threat into words. It was annoying and the President did not like his quitting so unceremoniously. But now he has quit and is out, and the work of the canal is going on without a ripple on the surface. There is a moral in this. Let no man assume that he is the whole shooting match.

There are all sorts of troubles hovering around the canal. Mr. J. W. Oliver, the unsuccessful bidder for the canal contract is still in Washington and the maddest man that walks the Avenue. Of course it is rather disappointing to him. Invitations were issued for big contractors to bid on the canal work. Oliver's bid was the lowest by about half, but the government had reserved the right to reject all bids if it saw fit. So after depositing his certified check for $200,000 as an evidence of good faith and being morally sure he was going to get the contract, Mr. Oliver was left out in the cold world and had his certified check returned to him. Now he says that he spent $40,000 in getting his company together and making his bid, and he wants the government to return him that amount. Of course he won't get it, the chances are that he will never even sue for it. And if he does it will make an interesting spectacle when he turns in his itemized bill.

So far as an outsider can see, there is only one item of legitimate expense, that is the interest on the $200,000 lying idle six weeks, which Mr. Oliver possibly had to pay, that ordinarily being the nature of certified checks. If he paid 4 per cent. of the money, which he probably did not, that would make the interest amount to a few cents more than $923. What went with the other $39,000? If Mr. Oliver will send this in an itemized statement to the White House, the payment will probably be taken under advisement. There are a lot of ways of spending money in Washington and Mr. Oliver says that he "was assured" he would get the contract. Who assured him? These are interesting points that Mr. Oliver might clear up. It would add to the gaiety of the winter season if he did.

Representative Burkett of Nebraska has hurled another inquiry resolution at the Interstate Commerce Commission. It demands to know whether the express companies are doing a commission business in defiance of the law, whether there is a law to forbid them and whether they are using the practice to cover up rebates and discriminations. It will be remembered that a decision of the Supreme Court forbids common carriers to deal in the merchandise they transport. This was settled in the C. & O. coal case. It is claimed that the express companies are doing a regular business along their lines as commission merchants in fruit, vegetables and dairy products. The thing it is said, which allows them to do this is a loophole in the recent rate law in which they along with the pipe lines were exempted from this prohibition as common carriers.

## First M. E. Church.

At the fourth quarterly conference of the First Methodist Episcopal Church on Wednesday evening, Presiding Elder A. J. Coultas, D. D., presiding, it was voted to request the return of Rev. C. A. Stenhouse as pastor for another year. This will make the fifth year of his pastorate of this church.

Various annual reports were received and officers were elected as follows:

Stewards—G. H. Lovejoy, B. F. Thurston, E. D. Jones, Thomas D. Champlin, H. C. Bacheller, Frederick Weir, Richard Bullock, George H. Young, Charles H. Taber, Alfred W. Chase, Lewis J. Norton, Clarence Stanhope, John P. Peckham.

Trustees—E. O. Riggs, B. F. Thurston, Robert C. Bacheller, T. T. Pitman, J. W. Horton, Frederick Bradley, John A. Hazard, T. Fred Kaull, R. S. Burlingame.

Treasurer—B. F. Thurston.

District Steward—H. C. Bacheller.

Charles A. Westall, S. Everett Westall, Jr., and William B. Westall, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Simeon E. Westall, who have been spending the winter in the South, returned home Friday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Westall will arrive here about the first of May.

Mr. G. Harry Wilbar, Jr., is ill at the residence of his father, Mr. George H. Wilbar, on Greenough Place.

Mrs. Hunks—I wish you wouldn't be so positive. There are two sides to every question.

Old Hunks (with a roar)—Well that's no reason why you should always be on the wrong side!—Chicago Tribune.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., Mar. 7, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 9 to 13, warm wave 8 to 12, cool wave 11 to 15. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 13, cross west of Rockies country by close of 14, great central valleys 15 to 17, eastern states 18. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about March 13, great central valleys 15, eastern states 17. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about March 16, great central valleys 18, eastern states 20.

This will be the most severe disturbance of the month. It will follow a period of unusually low temperatures, will inaugurate a week of high temperatures and severe if not dangerous storms and following it the trend of temperatures will be downward to end of month.

Not much rainfall immediately preceding this disturbance but following it rainfall will increase to close of March. Last half of March will not bring good crop weather; too cold and wet. Look out for severe storms about March 14 and 15.

Immediately following March 9 will come a long, cool, wet spell, not good for crops south of latitude 40. Better not plant corn in southern latitudes till later, as the cold wet weather last part of March will not be favorable.

When to expect the great storms can be known in a large percentage of cases as they are unmistakably controlled by relative positions of sun, moon, earth and other major planets. Mark my predictions that the most severe storms and most radical weather of 1907 will occur not far from June 12 and 26, July 10 and 24, Aug. 7 and 21. The equinoctial storms will occur not far from March 15 and Sept. 19. It is not so certain as to where these storms will be most severe.

### WEEKLY ALMANAC.

MARCH 1907. STANDARD TIME.

| | Sun rises | Sun sets | Moon rises | High water Morn | High water Eve. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9 Sat | 6 24 | 5 59 | 3 13 | 3 13 | 3 51 |
| 10 Sun | 6 22 | 6 0 | 4 7 | 4 17 | 4 45 |
| 11 Mon | 6 21 | 6 1 | 4 55 | 5 14 | 5 40 |
| 12 Tues | 6 19 | 6 2 | 5 33 | 6 07 | 6 30 |
| 13 Wed | 6 17 | 6 3 | sets | 6 55 | 7 16 |
| 14 Thurs | 6 15 | 6 4 | 6 35 | 7 40 | 8 00 |
| 15 Fri | 6 14 | 6 5 | 7 44 | 8 23 | 8 43 |

Last Quarter, 7th day, 3h. 42m., morning.
New Moon, 13th day, 1h. 5m., morning.
First Quarter, 21st day, 8h. 10m., evening.
Full Moon, 29th day, 2h. 44m., evening.

## For Sale.

**A Desirable Residence Near Touro Park.**

This is an excellent house with over 5,000 square feet of land. Situation is most central and desirable. This place would make a thoroughly comfortable all-the-year-round residence, and would be admirably adapted for a doctor's office and domicile. Price very moderate.

**A. O'D. TAYLOR,**

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, and Narragansett Avenue, Jamestown.
Telephone No. 850.

## Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., Susan M. Peckham, in the 92d year of her age.

In this city, 2d inst., Elizabeth Fry, widow of David Melville, in the 85th year of her age.

In this city, 4th inst., Erastus P. Allan, in the 75th year of his age.

In this city, 5th inst., Grace Arnold, wife of Alexander J. MacIver

In this city, 5th inst., Caroline E., widow of Dr. George C. Ball, in her 89th year.

In this city, 6th inst., Daniel Walsh.

In Middletown, R. I., 8th inst., Artesia, daughter of Jacinthio and Leonora Armedio, aged 2 years.

At North Attleboro, 5th inst., John Betz, formerly of this city.

In Berkeley, Mass., 3d, inst., Lindley M. Cobb, formerly of this city, aged 90 years, 3 months, 15 days.

In New Bedford, 3d inst., James H. Sweet, formerly of this city, aged 78 years, 11 months.

In Bridgeport, Conn., 5th inst., Wm. E. Marsh, aged 79 years.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A Full Line of all the

NEW

AND

Improved Varieties

OF

VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

## LICENSE VOTE REDUCED

**Less Than Thirty Vermont Towns Favor Liquor Selling**

Burlington, Vt., March 6.—A continuation of the sentiment against liquor selling, which has been a marked feature of the March elections in Vermont since the prohibitory law was repealed four years ago, was again manifest throughout the state yesterday. In the elections held a month after the repeal of the law in 1903, 92 cities and towns voted in favor of license. In 1904 the number was reduced to 49, in 1905 to 36, in 1906 to 27, and only 3 cities and 22 towns were recorded yesterday as favoring the sale of liquor during the coming year.

There was no change in the number of cities, for although Burlington voted against license yesterday for the first time, Barre, which has been dry for two years, decided in favor of liquor selling. The reduction came in the towns.

In Burlington the opponents in the mayoralty contest of a year ago met again and the result was reversed, Walter J. Bigelow, Republican, defeating Mayor Burke. The Republicans were also successful in the contests in Barre, Rutland and St. Albans. In Montpelier Mayor Haley, Democrat, was unopposed, nor was there any candidate in Vergennes against James W. Ryan, who ran on a non-partisan ticket.

### Elections In Maine Cities

Portland, Me., March 5.—Democrats had a little the better of the municipal elections held in 11 of the Maine cities. While they lost their mayors at Waterville, Rockland and Auburn, the Republicans lost theirs at Eastport, Ellsworth, Bath and Hallowell. The Democrats retained their chief executives at South Portland, Lewiston and Saco, and the Republicans at Gardiner. Chief interest centered in the efforts of the Republicans to recover control of Auburn, Rockland, Saco and Waterville, which turned over to the Democratic column last year.

### Senator Spooner Resigns

Washington, March 4.—Senator Spooner has written a letter to Governor Davidson of Wisconsin, tendering his resignation as a senator of the United States, to take effect May 1 next. In reply to questions Spooner said he would resume the practice of the law, but declined to say whether or not he would be located in Wisconsin. He did say, however, that he would continue to be a citizen of that state as long as he lives.

### Next Encampment at Saratoga

Zanesville, O., March 8.—Saratoga, N. Y., has been definitely decided upon for the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic this year. The executive committee to which was referred the question of confirming the action of the Minneapolis meeting last fall made its report last night of the vote taken, which has resulted in favor of Saratoga.

### Advance In Price of Coal

Columbus, O., March 8.—The Ohio coal-carrying roads have given notice of an advance of 5 cents a ton in rates on coal for lake traffic and for railroad fuel. The coal operators say the advance in railroad rates will be met by the addition of 5 cents a ton to the price of coal.

### Schmitz Pleads Not Guilty

San Francisco, March 8.—Mayor Schmitz appeared before Judge Dunne and pleaded not guilty to four indictments charging him with extortion. By agreement of counsel, next Monday was designated as the time when a date for his trial will be set.

## NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

James C. Raymond, 21 years old, a salesman of a leather company, committed suicide at Lynn, Mass., by hanging. It is believed that he was suffering from the effects of an attack of the grip.

Fifty toolmakers at the wheel factory of the Pope Manufacturing company at Westfield, Mass., have struck because of alleged discrimination in the discharge of a union man.

While crossing the track to reach the pay car, Clarence Reardon, a baggageman at the South Norwalk (Conn.) railroad station, was struck by an express train and killed.

Jabez B. Montgomery, one of the oldest shipbuilders in New England, died at his home at Chelsea, Mass. He was born at Warren, Me., in 1827 and built many of New England's most noted ships. He never married.

Six icehouses at Quincy, Mass., containing about 11,000 tons of ice, were destroyed by fire, with their contents. The loss is $20,000.

James B. Williams, founder of J. B. Williams & Co., shaving soap manufacturers, died at his home at Glastonbury, Conn., of ills incident to old age, in his 90th year. He was a former state representative.

John W. Trippe died at his home at Packerville, Conn., aged 56. When he was 12 years old Trippe went to war as a drummer boy and wound up his military career as a sergeant.

### Cars Collided In Tunnel

Boston, March 6.—In a rear-end collision between two electric cars in the East Boston tunnel last evening two persons were so badly injured that they were taken to a hospital, while a dozen others were shaken up or cut by flying glass. An East Boston car was stopping at the Atlantic avenue station when a Chelsea car approached down the grade. The brakes refused to work on the Chelsea car and it crashed into the rear end of the East Boston car.

### Saved by "Unwritten Law"

Culpepper, Va., March 8.—James and Philip Strothers were acquitted of the murder of their brother-in-law, William F. Bywaters. The defense was based practically on the unwritten law, counsel for the accused men pleading justification because of the treatment accorded their sister by the slain man before the marriage into which they forced him, and his attempt to flee from her side shortly after the ceremony was performed.

# DEFENSE CLOSES

Unexpected Decision by Counsel For Harry Thaw

## A PUZZLE FOR JEROME

**Rumors That He Would Ask For Lunacy Commission Disposed Of--Delmas Likely to Sum Up For the Defense**

New York, March 8.—There was another quick turn of the cards in the trial of Harry K. Thaw late yesterday when the defense announced that it had concluded to rest its case. It was nearly 6 o'clock when Mr. Delmas, chief of the Thaw counsel, called District Attorney Jerome on the telephone and made the announcement.

The decision of Thaw's lawyers to close their case today without calling any more witnesses surprised no one more than it did District Attorney Jerome. The district attorney, expecting that the session today would be devoted to the examination of more experts, devoted a good part of yesterday to preparing for them. When he received word that the defense had decided to rest their case he was more or less puzzled.

"I will not be able to tell what action I will take," he said, "until I hear in open court the words which assure me that the case of the defense has been finished. I am told now that their plan is to close their case as it stands, but their plans have been changed so many times since the trial began that I will not be sure of anything until I hear the statement in open court."

"Will you go to the jury with the case or will you ask for a commission in lunacy?" he was asked.

"On the evidence as it now stands I will certainly go to the jury," replied the district attorney. "If there is nothing between society and anyone who wishes to attack it but a 'brain storm' we had better go back to the days of the frontier and every man take out a pistol permit."

It will be up to the district attorney today to take up the rebuttal, but it is generally rumored that after a brief session adjournment will be asked and granted until Monday that Jerome may mature his plans.

The sudden decision of the defense came after a conference of Thaw's lawyers in Delmas' office late yesterday afternoon. It is understood that lawyers O'Reilly and Gleason were with Delmas during the discussion as to the best course to pursue. When an agreement was reached Delmas immediately notified the district attorney.

It is understood that the defense will attempt to conclude its cross-examination speedily, dealing very briefly with the alienists. How long Jerome will take on rebuttal is another question of importance. The case may close with this rebuttal, although the defense has a chance for sur-rebuttal. On good authority, it is said that Delmas will sum up for Thaw. This, too, has been a question under discussion.

The close of the defense was with the testimony of Mrs. William Thaw, mother of the defendant, and it was said that at yesterday's conference it was decided that no better climax could have been reached by the defense. Several of Thaw's attorneys visited him in the Tombs and he was notified of their decision and concurred.

### Thaw's Mother Testifies

The mother of Harry Thaw took the witness stand Wednesday to contribute what she might toward saving her wayward boy from the death-danger which menaces him.

Mrs. Thaw's story before the jury was brief. When Delphin Delmas had deftly limited her examination to the change she had noted in her son's condition following his return from Paris in 1903, after Evelyn Nesbit had told him her story, and when District Attorney Jerome had, with the greatest respect and consideration, conducted a short and ineffectual cross-examination, the mother-love welled strong in Mrs. Thaw and she felt she had not done her all. She was loath to leave the witness chair.

### Thaw's Insane Knowledge

Dr. Evans left the witness stand on Monday. The witness protected the interests of the defense quite keenly throughout his cross-examination, and at all times appeared a match for the district attorney. Evans admitted that Thaw had an insane knowledge of what he was doing on Madison Square roof garden the night he shot and killed Stanford White.

### A Clash in Court

While decidedly dull in the matter of the testimony elicited from the witness, Tuesday's session was made notable by a clash between District Attorney Jerome and Justice Fitzgerald, at the climax of which the prosecuting officer refused point blank to cite to the court the authorities on which he was predicating an argument.

With flushed face and a sharp rap of his gavel, Fitzgerald said if the district attorney did not submit the authorities the court would assume that he did not know of any. Jerome did not submit the authorities and Fitzgerald ruled in favor of the defense on the point at issue, which, briefly stated, was the question as to whether the state on cross-examination should be allowed to go further with an expert witness than counsel for the defense was allowed to go upon direct examination.

### Walker Case Going to Grand Jury

Hartford, March 6.—Judge Curtis has decided to summon the grand jury next week to consider the evidence in the application for an indictment of William F. Walker, the defaulter of the Savings Bank of New Britain, who is alleged to have stolen over $500,000. An indictment charging the missing treasurer with embezzlement will be asked for.

# IN THE BAY STATE

Second Suit is Planned by Mrs. Eddy's Relatives

## STATEMENT BY CHANDLER

**Says Christian Scientists' Publicity Agent Is Scared and That "Mother" Eddy is the Victim of a Syndicate**

Boston, March 7.—William E. Chandler, special attorney for George W. Glover and other relatives of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, who have brought a suit in equity against Christian Science officials in three states, has been in consultation here for two days with the other counsel for the plaintiffs. In addition to Chandler, there were present at the conference J. W. Kelly of Portsmouth, N. H., N. E. Martin of Concord, N. H., and F. W. Peabody of this city. The latter has entered the case as associate counsel. At the close of the conference the following statement was issued last night by Chandler:

"It has been decided to serve immediately the processes on the four New Hampshire defendants, Calvin A. Frye, Irving C. Tomlinson, Herman S. Herring and Lewis C. Strang, and to give notice to the Massachusetts defendants so that they may be present and join in the New Hampshire suit if they choose. If they do not join in the suit possibly a second suit will be instituted in Massachusetts—in the state or federal courts. It was decided today to begin immediately the taking of the testimony in the various places in both states and get ready for trial as soon as possible."

Counsel for the petitioners are now trying to learn something regarding Alfred Farlow, publicity agent of the Christian Science church. Up to the present time Farlow has been especially uncommunicative regarding his past life. Tuesday he said he was born in Orange, Knox county, Ills., and it is alleged that no such town exists. He also said that he was educated at Lutheran college in Knoxville, and yesterday two Lutheran clergymen of this city stated that there is no such college.

When told that Farlow refused to state anything about himself Mr. Chandler remarked: "He's scared; you can't get anything out of him." Continuing, with a suggestive shrug of the shoulders, the ex-senator said: "Farlow has said all he's going to about himself and the church. I expect, however, to find something out about him."

Mr. Chandler further stated that Farlow's estimate that the general church fund amounts to between $12,000,000 and $13,000,000 greatly interests him. He also said that he was anxious to learn something definite about the salary lists of the men whose positions in the church bring them in closest touch with Mrs. Eddy.

At this point the senior counsel said: "We are now convinced that Mrs. Eddy is syndicated. Her name and the influences hinging upon it, moral and religious, are assets in a business venture, managed by some, at least, of the defendants in the suit in equity brought by her son and his associates. The statement, for example, by Farlow, that Messrs. Chase, Armstrong and Thompson fix the salaries of Christian Science leaders, illustrates what I mean."

Mr. Chandler pointed out that the bill in equity is essentially an inquiry that does not necessarily imply full knowledge on the part of the petitioner of the facts he seeks to get at with the aid of the court. "While there are some things," he added, "that we know, I certainly am still a learner.

"For example, why should a man like Frye consent to act as a footman? He is a capable man, undoubtedly transacts important business, perhaps under Mrs. Eddy's direction. He unquestionably does valuable intellectual labor, possibly in his own behalf, possibly for others, among whom may be Mrs. Eddy. He supplements this work, bearing evidence of mental capacity, by wearing livery and doing the work of a footman. Now, a footman's functions are the very antithesis of what we know Frye is capable of. There is no mentality required.

"You wouldn't run a railroad at a high salary for—say John D. Rockefeller—and when the day's work was over put on a livery and serve as a footman. Common sense prescribes that there is an ulterior motive; something hidden; something that those of Mrs. Eddy's own flesh and blood should know."

"Does the same general argument apply to Messrs. Chase, Farlow, Armstrong, etc?" was asked.

"Of course, but more generally," was Chandler's answer. "There is no suggestion there of such an humble, even menial, deference to Mrs. Eddy, but they do a large amount of business, trading on her name. She is their 'revered mother,' and her slightest utterance has the force of gospel. Is it a mental mental attitude, or is it the shrewd, far-seeing, well planned, well hidden syndicating of a spiritual tradition? That is substantially what our bill of equity says, and we propose to find out about it."

### "Salome" Off the Program

New York, March 6.—It is announced officially at the Metropolitan Opera house that director Conried, after mature consideration, has resolved not to produce "Salome" at Boston or at any other point during the approaching tour of his company.

### Weather Out of Joint

Roanoke, Va., March 8.—Following a fall of from one to four inches of snow in this section yesterday, and with freezing weather last night, Roanoke experienced a thunderstorm that lasted several hours. The peals of thunder were loud and long and the flashes of lightning most vivid. The like has not been witnessed here before.

## ENGINEER FISHER HELD

**Coroner Finds Him Responsible For Loss of Three Lives**

New Haven, March 8.—Will E. Fisher, engineer of the special train en route from Waterbury to this city with company F, Second regiment, C. N. G., Governor Woodruff and members of his staff on board, which was in head-on collision with a regular passenger train at Platts Mills last Saturday and in which three persons were killed and many others injured, is charged with causing the wreck and held criminally responsible for the resulting deaths by the coroner, whose finding was filed last evening.

Coroner Mix finds that orders had been given to the conductor and engineer of both the special and the regular, ordering the trains to pass at Hill's siding, where the special was to have taken the siding and waited until the regular had gone by, and that by "the omission, failure and neglect of Fisher to obey his orders the collision occurred and that he is criminally responsible for the death of W. H. Norton, G. W. Carpenter and E. G. Erickson."

The men named were respectively the engineer and fireman of the regular and the fireman of the special.

Fisher is now under $2500 bonds to appear at the June term of the superior court on a charge of manslaughter.

### Money Safe in Real Estate

Boston, March 8.—At a meeting of the Massachusetts Real Estate Exchange last night a number of the speakers expressed the opinion that there would soon be a crash among the corporations of the state and country and that investors would be far safer if they placed their money in real estate, especially in Boston. The speakers were nearly all business men and lawyers familiar with real estate in this city.

### Molasses Thickened by Cold

Boston, March 8.—Inability to discharge her cargo of 750,000 gallons of molasses, owing to the cold weather, has caused an unusual delay to the tank steamer Russian Prince. The vessel arrived here last week and has been waiting seven days for warm weather, as the cold has thickened the molasses to such an extent as to prevent its being pumped out of the ship.

### Many Banks Not Examined

Providence, March 8.—An attempt is being made to have the legislature adopt a bill providing for a bank examiner. Frank W. Tillinghast states that more than three-quarters of the banking institutions in the state are not examined. Bills providing for the establishment of the office of bank examiner have been introduced in both branches of the legislature.

### Despondent Over Wife's Death

Norwood, R. I., March 7.—After a disappearance of two weeks, William H. Leonard, aged 40, a prosperous farmer, was found dead in his house last night, with a bullet hole in his chest and a revolver clutched in both hands. It is supposed that Leonard, in a fit of despondency over the death of his wife a year ago, ended his life.

### Killed by Electricity

New Haven, March 7.—Chauncey Lines, employed in the electrical department of the Consolidated Railway company, was instantly killed while working on a transformer in the power station of the road at South Meriden. His body was found after the workmen in the place had noticed the odor of burning flesh.

### Bullets in Boy's Head

Lancaster, N. H., March 7.—Philip Davis, aged 15 years, was shot, probably fatally, while fox hunting with an older companion, Edward Chase, a farmer, by whom he was employed. Davis is said to have dodged in front of Chase just as the latter fired at a fox. The bullet of Chase's rifle entered the boy's head.

### Not Guilty of Manslaughter

Waterbury, Conn., March 7.—A verdict of not guilty was returned by a jury in the superior court in the case of Hugh McLeod of Boston, a chauffeur, charged with manslaughter in causing the death of Frederick M. Frost, who was struck in this city by an automobile driven by McLeod.

### Woolen Operatives on Strike

Dracut, Mass., March 7.—One hundred and ninety operatives at the Beaver Brook mills of the American Woolen company are on strike as a protest against the introduction of the two-loom system. Unless the strike is settled in a short time it is said the entire plant will be shut down.

### Murder Charge Preferred

Hopkinton, Mass., March 7.—Lewis Mero pleaded not guilty to a charge of murder and was remanded without bail to jail to await a hearing on March 14. William H. Johnson died as a result of a fracture of the skull, received, it is alleged, during a quarrel with Mero at the latter's home here.

### Suit Against Treasurer Walker

Hartford, March 8.—Among the cases returned for the March term of the superior court is a damage suit for $500,000, brought by the officials of the Savings Bank of New Britain against the bank's former treasurer, W. F. Walker. Walker is now being sought as a defaulter.

### Letter Carrier Arrested

Boston, March 8.—Fred L. Phillips, a letter carrier at Lawrence, was brought to this city and arraigned before Commissioner Hayes on a charge of the larceny of a letter. He was held in $300 bail, which was furnished by a friend.

### Legislature Acts In Kidnapping Case

Dover, Del., March 8.—The state legislature has appropriated $2000 to be used in hiring detectives and helping to defray other expenses incidental to finding the supposed kidnappers of Horace N. Marvin, Jr., 3 years old, son of Dr. H. N. Marvin. The boy disappeared from the Marvin farm at Kitts-hammock last Monday.

# UNDER $2000 BAIL

Member of Bay State Legislature Is Indicted

## CASE IS HURRIED ALONG

**District Attorney Said to Fear Immunity of Man Who Is Alleged to Have Requested and Received Bribe**

Boston, March 8.—S. J. Lamoureux of North Adams, representative from the Second Berkshire district, was arrested on an indictment returned by the Suffolk county grand jury, charging him with corruptly requesting and accepting a gratuity. The indictment consists of four counts and alleges that Lamoureux received $180 from William H. McMasters of this city on a promise to obtain favorable action to influence two members of a legislative committee against a certain bill now pending in the legislature.

Lamoureux, who, at the opening of the session of the house yesterday afternoon, asked the members to suspend judgment, went directly to the courthouse and was arraigned before Judge Brown in the superior court, where he pleaded not guilty to the charge.

District Attorney Moran asked for a speedy trial, claiming that there was danger of a legislative investigation which would render immune from appearing in court a number of witnesses who it was desired to hear at the trial. Judge Brown refused the request, although District Attorney Moran stated that Lamoureux's counsel was also anxious for a quick disposition of the case.

Judge Brown said he saw no reason to disturb the regular trial list next week, but was willing to have the district attorney and Lamoureux's counsel agree on a date. Lamoureux was then admitted to $2000 bail, furnished by friends, and was taken to police headquarters, where he went through the formality of being booked.

The grand jury has been sitting on the case for two days, taking up the charges almost immediately after their appearance Wednesday in a local paper. Five witnesses were heard and yesterday the district attorney had an interview with five members of the committee on judiciary.

Lamoureux was born in North Adams 30 years ago and is a lawyer. This is his second term in the legislature, where he has twice been clerk of the committee on railroads.

The so-called immunity in connection with members of the legislature referred to by the district attorney developed last year, when members of the legislature were prevented from testifying in the superior court by reason of a constitutional provision which exempts members from appearing before a lower court when they have already appeared on a similar case before a committee of the legislature. During a trial in the Suffolk county court, last year, there was being held at the same time a special investigation by the committee on rules, which immunized all the members from testifying in the court proceedings. The legislative investigation resulted in the expulsion of a member on the charge of attempting to bribe another member.

### Gunboat's Services Needed

San Diego, Cal., March 7.—Gunboat Princeton has left for San Salvador, under hurry orders to join the Chicago in Central American waters.


# SKIN TORTURES AFFLICT CHILDREN

Obstinate Case of Eczema Covered Little Girl's Limbs with Running Sores—Poison Oak Made Boy's Hands and Arms a Mass of Torturing Sores—Sufferers Soon Relieved and Completely Cured—Grateful Mother Says:

## "CUTICURA REMEDIES A HOUSEHOLD STANDBY"

"Last year, after having my little girl treated by a very prominent physician for an obstinate case of eczema, I resorted to the Cuticura Remedies, and was so well pleased with the almost instantaneous relief afforded that we discarded the physician's prescription and relied entirely on the Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Pills. When we commenced with the Cuticura Remedies her feet and limbs were covered with running sores. In about six weeks we had her completely well, and there has been no recurrence of the trouble.

"In July of this year a little boy in our family poisoned his hands and arms with poison oak, and in twenty-four hours his hands and arms were a mass of torturing sores. We used only the Cuticura Remedies, washing his hands and arms with the Cuticura Soap, and anointing them with the Cuticura Ointment, and then gave him the Cuticura Resolvent. In about three weeks his hands and arms healed up. So we have lots of cause for feeling grateful for the Cuticura Remedies. We find that the Cuticura Remedies are a valuable household standby, living as we do twelve miles from a doctor. Mrs. Lizzie Vincent Thomas, Fairmount, Walden's Ridge, Tenn., Oct. 13, 1905."

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That a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single anointing with Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients, will afford instant relief and refreshing sleep for skin-tortured babies, and rest for tired and worn-out mothers.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Humors.



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S. S. THOMPSON.


### Missing Money Not Discovered

Chicago, March 6.—Any possibility that the missing $173,000 from the local sub-treasury might have been tucked away in the currency on hand was eliminated when the four experts from the United States treasury at Washington counted the last of the paper money in the vaults. "It came out correct to the dollar," said Sub-Treasurer Boldenweck. A count of the gold and silver was begun today.

### Generous Gift to Grosvenor

Washington, March 5.—Representative Charles H. Grosvenor of Ohio, who, after 20 years of membership in the house, retired to private life yesterday, was presented with a club service of 300 pieces of solid silver tableware, the donors being the members of the Fifty-Ninth congress.

### Smothered In Sawdust Pile

Binghamton, N. Y., March 6.—Juvenal Griswold, a prosperous farmer of Coventry, was smothered to death in a pile of sawdust. While loading his wagon with sawdust it is supposed that he was caught in a cave-in. The body was found several feet beneath the surface.

### Motorman Held For Killing

Boston, March 6.—James O'Connor, a motorman, was arrested last night on a charge of manslaughter. O'Connor's car struck and killed John Dilworth, a stableman, in the Back Bay.

### Relics of Bygone Ages

Ancona, Italy, March 8.—Workmen discovered two ancient tombs of extraordinary value and interest here yesterday while excavating for the foundations of a hospital. These tombs date from the third century before Christ. They contained some beautiful silver vases, a pair of gold earrings set with emeralds, and a gold ring set with a carved stone. Search will be made for other antiquities.

### Theft of $50,000 Worth of Diamonds

New York, March 8.—Central office detectives and representatives of private agencies are making a thorough canvass among pawn brokers and dealers in precious stones throughout the city in search of diamonds worth $50,000 which were stolen several days ago from the J. J. Sweeney Jewelry company of Houston. A reward of $10,000 has been offered for the return of the jewels.

### Triple Drowning Accident

Cambridge, Mass., March 4.—Three boys, Charles Poindexter, 14, James Bennett, 11, and Patrick Murphy, 10 years old, were drowned last evening while playing on ice cakes on the Charles river. The bodies have not been recovered, and it is supposed that they were swept well down to the harbor, as the tide was running out strong at the time.

## On the Briny Ocean, O!

(George E. Belknap, U. S. N., Brookline' Mass., February 6th, 1886.)

[Air: "Wearing of the Green."]

Oh blest champagne, best Monopole,
To Farragut we bring;
Stay not its flow, your beakers fill,
All hail our Ocean King!
He's hunking now 'yond shot and shell
That rained so much of woe,
He's smiling as he thinks of us
On briny ocean, O!

Chorus

On briny ocean, O!
On briny ocean, O!
He's smiling as he thinks of us
On briny ocean, O!

Your glasses shift,—brim, brim with port
Of richest purpling light;
Or red-like flame that blazed that day
At Morgan's matchless fight.
He's resting now—that Sea King grim,
Yet eager for 'is blow;
He's seeking how he'll fillet us
With Jones the peerless, O!

Chorus—With Jones the peerless, O! &c.

To chieftain grand, our Sailor King,
Your glasses clink again;
His River fights and Mobile Bay
His glories are proclaim.
He's clinging now to God's high mast,
But fondly looks below;
He's longing now to bring-us-to
In Viking's haven, O!

Chorus—In Viking's haven, O! &c.

Come, hearties, come, another pull,
Intrepid Porter sing;
How roared his guns at Fisher's fight,
How Fisher's guns did ring!
He's breasting now Death's surging deeps,
Afar from battle's glow;
And watching how to make us right
With stout John Barry, O!

Chorus—With stout John Barry, O! &c.

Now once again, your glasses fill,
To Rowan sure and strong;
He never turned his back to foe,
But led the fight along;
He's anchored now, to God's last port,
Where all in time must row;
He's standing by to ration us,
With Charlie Stewart, O!

Chorus—With Charlie Stewart, O! &c.

Fill, fill once more, Oh, fill to brim,
John Rodgers is our theme:
No stauncher soul e'er sailed the sea
Nor filled Old Neptune's dream.
He's veered his chain to bitter end
And bids our stoppers know,
If that last port, with him would make,
With Billy Bainbridge, O!

Chorus—With Billy Bainbridge, O! &c.

Oh, say not yet the wine is out,
For rare DuPont we toast;
Chivalric fighter, seaman grand,
His circling fight we boast.
He's looking while we quaff to him,
And lists our hipping, ho!
As up aloft, he lays our course
With Hull the burly, O!

Chorus—With Hull the burly, O! &c.

Fresh glasses take, run Adam's ale—
Grand Foote our tribute pay;
The Viking of Fort Donelson
Best liked cold water's way.
Now snugly moored, his hawse all clear,
He walks the plain glow,
The angel's trump that bids us come
With Hazard Perry, O!

Chorus—With Hazard Perry, O! &c.

Shift back your cups, spare not the wine,
Brave Winslow's valor sound;
To victor of destroying chief
Your plaudits ring around.
He's cruising now in spirit land—
His fame will ever grow,
While holding fast Jim Thornton's hand
With Tom Macdonough, O!

Chorus—With Tom Macdonough, O! &c.

Now bottle bring, quick, draw the cork,
Undaunted Rhind we pledge;
Stout hero of the Keokuk
Was never known to hedge.
He's thinking now of powder boat
When powder burned so slow—
He's chumming now with bluff old Ben
And Edward Preble, O!

Chorus—And Edward Preble, O! &c.

To Worden now, best vintage pour,
Oh, list his guns again!
His lustrous deed on Hampton's tide
Still stirs the world amain.
He's sleeping now the sleep of brave,
The sleep all heroes know;
He's dreaming how to station us
With Tunis Craven, O!

Chorus—With Tunis Craven, O! &c.

Oh, friend and foe must sleep alike,
Death's angel waits us all;
His searching note with solemn sound
Bespeaks his darkening pall.
He's beckoning now, Oh, shipmates dear,
Stand ready, steady so;
He's minding how he'll shackle us
At final moorings O!

Chorus—At final moorings, O! &c.

—From Patriotic and Naval Songster. Compiled by Rear Admiral S. B. Luce.

## Gems of Thought.

Inspiration is the burning lamp of genius—Jolly.

Inspiration is the spring of lofty deeds.—Locus.

The worst fatigue is that which comes without exercise.

There is little influence where there is not great sympathy.

Envy is simply punishing ourselves for the sins of others.—Auon.

Inspiration developed the noblest fantasies of the ancients.—Jules Janin.

The great world is to all of us the little circle in which we live.—From Lord Lytton.

There is no folly equal to that of throwing away friendship, in a world where friendship is so rare.

It is a bad thing for a clever and ardent man not to have from the onset some paramount object in life.

—If I wanted to punish an enemy I would fasten on him the torture of continually hating some one.—Sidney Smith.

## Quaint and Curious.

A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.

Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848.

Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

The first steamboat plied up the Hudson in 1808.

A moderate wind blows seven miles per hour.

Nodd—These new baby carriages are simply great. When you are finished with one you can fold it up and put it away till the next time.

Todd—They are good as far as they go. What we really want, however, is a baby that can be folded up and put away.—Smart Set.

Prison Chaplain (preaching on Sunday in the prison chapel)—I am so delighted, my dear brethren, to see you assembled here in such goodly number.—Figaro.

Tourist—Are we not near the falls?

Guide—Quite near; as soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar.—Wiener Caricaturen.

### He Took a Hand.

Mr. and Mrs. Stockson Bonds are inveterate bridge whist players, and their home is the meeting place of bridge players of all grades. On one evening in every week they are "at home" to any of their friends who wish to play, and on other evenings they entertain parties of their own selection for games which range from a cent a point to a much higher figure. Recently, long after the house had been closed, a noise was heard downstairs, and, regardless of his wife's protests, Stockson Bonds went below to ascertain the cause. The noise continued and grew louder, but no answer came to the wife's calls from above. She became alarmed, opened the window, saw a policeman, and he made a rush for the basement door. A few minutes later the husband appeared before his panic stricken wife and told her he had found the servants playing bridge and wrangling over the propriety of a certain play.

"Did you send the whole party away?" asked the wife.

"Why, no. I took a hand and decided the question before I realized where I was."—New York Tribune.

### He Held On.

"In a town back in Vermont one time," said a doctor, "a big, husky lumberman entered the office of a dentist I knew and showed the doctor a bad tooth. The dentist decided that the tooth should be pulled.

"'All right,' said the lumberman. 'But listen now. If I tell you to stop, you stop pulling or I'll beat you up.'

"The dentist agreed, and the lumberman got in the chair. The dentist took hold of the tooth and began pulling. Almost immediately the lumberman yelled, 'Hold on!'

"The dentist continued to pull. 'Hold on!' yelled the lumberman. The dentist kept pulling, and the tooth came out. Then the lumberman jumped from the chair mad.

"'Why didn't you stop when I told you to?' he asked fiercely.

"'You didn't tell me to stop,' said the dentist.

"'I did too! I yelled "Hold on!" twice.'

"'Oh,' said the dentist innocently, 'I thought you meant to keep hold of it.'

"The lumberman believed him and cooled off."—Denver Post.

### Agility of Hares and Rabbits.

Interesting figures on the relative agility of hares and rabbits are given in a volume by J. G. Millais. "When running at ease," he says, "the length of the hare's stride is about four feet, but under conditions of fear its leaps extend to ten and twelve feet, while some authors claim that it can jump ten ditches twenty to twenty-five feet in width. Perpendicularly a hare can jump on to a five foot wall, but seems to be nonplused by one about six feet. The stride of the rabbit is about two feet. When necessary it can make leaps of six or seven feet horizontally. About three feet is the highest that a rabbit can attain to even when helped by the asperities of a stone wall." Mr. Millais tells how rabbits swim—when compelled to: "They swim with the head held as high as possible, while the backs of the hind legs appear above the element at each stroke. The shoulders and front part of the body are buried beneath the water, while the rump and tail are high and dry."

### Tyranny of Clothes.

Place a man in a silk hat and frock coat and transport him to a farmyard. Agricultural pursuits may be the one passion of his life, but clad in these garments he feels in such surroundings miserable, out of place, essentially urban. Clothe him, conversely, in flannels or knickers and place him in a church, and it is utterly impossible for him to assume a fittingly devotional frame of mind. Unfaulted autocracy itself cannot impose such tyrannies on the subject. Civilization is the slave of its clothes, and there is no prospect of freedom.—London Graphic.

### The Juice of the Grape.

The Arabs say that when the first grapevine was planted the demon Iblis sacrificed a peacock on the spot where the plant was set. As soon as it began to sprout forth he sacrificed an ape over it. When the grapes began to appear he slaughtered a lion, and when these were ripe he offered up a pig; hence it is that he who drinks wine feels at first as proud as a peacock and becomes subsequently as tricksome as an ape, as bold as a lion and at length as stupid as a swine.

### Definitions.

Asked to define a suffragist, a British schoolboy answered, "A person who creates a disturbance." One boy described "surf" as "a form of seaweed which grows in the Pacific ocean." In an essay on the canine race a pupil declared that "small dogs improve by keeping," and another gave the singular of "twain" as "worsted."

### There Yet.

Scott—My wife's mother has visited us only once in five years. Mott—That isn't bad. When do you expect her to pay her second visit? Scott—Oh, she hasn't got through her first yet.—New York Telegraph.

### Then She Talked.

Reporter—Well, I've interviewed her. Editor—Did she talk without restraint? Reporter—I should say not! She wouldn't say a word until her husband came in and told her to keep still.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Daniel's Fame.

Deacon Jones—Why was Daniel the most popular man mentioned in the Old Testament? Brother Smith—Because he was lionized.

### Twice Two.

"Do you really believe two heads are better than one?"

"Give it up, but I know we wouldn't amount to much without foreheads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

### The Eye of the Needle.

When Christ says in his sermon "that it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven" he does not mean a sewing needle, but a hole through which a camel had to pass through in getting into a fortress. It was the custom in old times, and in parts of Arabia still is, for the people of a village to build a fortress against the robbers of the desert, into which they carried an underground passage in a zigzag form barely large enough for a camel lying down on its side to work itself through into the courtyard of the fort, and the Saviour beautifully compares the struggles of the animal to what the rich man must suffer in order to gain paradise. The hole was called "the eye of the needle."

In the old stone cahirs, or walled cities, in Ireland, specimens of these eyeholes may be seen. Most of them have been partially destroyed, but there is one almost perfect at Grianan Eileach, in Donegal, and so like the eastern eyeholes that one would think they were made by the same workmen. The Irish annals relate that Eileach was erected by a Tuach de Daanan chief 1,300 years before Christ.—Exchange.

### The Magic Flat.

"This is our library," said the New York woman, leading her visitor into the front room. "And that cozy little room back of it is the music room. The 'den' is the big, bright room on your left. Come over and see it. Yes, we have just five rooms in all. The small back hallroom we use as a packing and storage closet. Isn't it cozy?"

"Y-e-s," agreed her visitor doubtfully, "but where do you sleep and eat, and all that?"

"Oh," said the New Yorker indifferently, "my husband and I sleep in the 'den' on the oriental couch, and mother sleeps in the music room on another couch that pulls out at night. We eat on that funny little table in the library. You've no idea how big it can be made when the leaves are in. And we dress in the bathroom and keep our clothes in the packing room. So, you see, it's all very convenient."

"What do you do in the kitchen?" inquired the other inconteally.

"Oh, we keep the dogs in there at night, and in the daytime we sometimes use it—to cook in."—New York Press.

### An Impresario's Advice.

Some years ago, after the regular Italian opera season had ended at the Academy of Music, New York, that building became a sort of trying on arena for would be prima donnas and tenors. One day during the open and shut interim between the seasons Max Maretzek met the tenor Adams and Mme. Pappenheim.

When the tenor said, "Congratulate us, Max; we have just leased the academy for classic operas—no candy rot for us," the impresario replied:

"I wish you great success. But tell me your proposed repertory."

To this Adams responded, "'Antigone,' 'Orfeo,' 'Iphigenia,' 'Sapho,' 'Alceste,' etc."

Maretzek suavely said: "That is magnificent. But do me a favor as an old and experienced friend. Give the 'Provatore' once each week in order to pay salaries."

This advice was not followed, and very soon the academy was again for rent.—New York Tribune.

### The New and the Old.

A Chicago girl said the other day in an address before a girls' club: "I advise all of you to be new women. I urge you to pay no heed to the gibes about new women that are continually being uttered by men. It isn't a fine type of man that gibes at the new woman. You know the story of the man in the county jail? 'What brought you here, my poor fellow?' a missionary asked. 'I married a new woman, sir,' the prisoner groaned. 'Aha!' said the missionary. 'And she was so domineering and extravagant that it drove you to desperate courses, eh?' 'No,' said the prisoner. 'The old woman turned up.'"—San Francisco Argonaut.

### How Woxall Was Named.

Near Schwenksville, Pa., is a village that bears the name of Woxall. This wonderful name was the result of an error upon the part of the postoffice department in Washington. The place was known many years ago as "Croppestettel," or "Crowtown," and later as Mechanicsville, but when a postoffice was established there in 1883 neither of these names was satisfactory, and it was decided to choose a new cognomen. Many were the suggestions submitted to the postoffice department, but all were found to be too nearly like the name of some other postoffice to be acceptable. One day the village storekeeper saw the word "Noxall" upon a piece of calico and called the attention of several friends to it. At once all agreed that "Noxall" would be a fine name for their town. So the postoffice authorities were notified. Soon a letter came from Washington approving the name that had been chosen, but in the letter it was spelled "Woxall." So Woxall became the name of the village.—Philadelphia Record.

### What Puzzled Her.

A woman whose religious education had been received in the plain edifice erected by an unassuming New England congregation was persuaded, much against her will, to attend divine service in one of New York's most showy churches. She showed from the start that, notwithstanding her puritanical training, she was interested in the proceedings. She studied the elaborate ceremony, the architecture, the richly tinted windows and the altar decorations closely. By and by her eyes became fixed on the ceiling. Her friend wondered what particular feature of those lofty heights held her attention for so long a time. During a lull in the chanting of the choir she tried to find out.

"Oh," said the New England woman in tones of infinite concern, "I was just wondering how on earth they get away up there to dust the rafters!"—New York Post.

## THE EDIFYING SOLDIER.

### Sketch of One of the Great German Toy Warehouses.

The Troedel market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low eaved house with a little darkling doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal—who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys.

Round all the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabers, and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel market not even the rusty old man could tell you—mighty articles of pewter and tin.

Hundreds of regiments, of battalions, of divisions, are drawn up on the shelves, waiting for the day when they shall be sent out into battle. And with a kind of pride the rusty old man says, "They are edifying soldiers."

That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or a campaign—the war of Troy, the campaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Coeur de Lion, the war of thirty years, the siege of Orleans, the victories of Napoleon, the battles of 1870 and (the one I liked best) that desperate battle in which a tiny tin hero with gleaming teeth rough rode it up San Juan hill. In a word, the edifying soldiers teach history, geography, strategy.—Vance Thompson in Everybody's.

## EATING IN PUBLIC.

### The Varied Sorrows of the Critical Man Who Dines Out.

What chance has the diner out of being completely happy? The mere actions of eating and drinking are neither pretty nor conducive to showing people at their best. It is really a most uncouth sight to see a man or a woman stoking food. The necessity of being polite at the same time makes it uncomfortable as well. No sooner have you got into conversation with a pleasant woman than the soup in your mustache stops all inspiration. She despises you for your play with your napkin, and your mustache is out of shape. And who can feel that the evening is going to be what he hoped when he realizes that his shirt front is smirched with some relic of the meal?

Indeed, dinner parties are really a struggle between eating and talking, a struggle which does not always end, as do most things, in the survival of the fittest. As one can't speak with one's mouth full and first hunger must be appeased, conversation and eating go on rather as a game, the one person whipping up some food while the other is speaking and then in his turn speaking in order to enable his partner to get some nourishment. To talk or to eat might be a sensible question at the beginning of dinner, but it is not one likely to be asked. One is seldom sure which is least worth sacrificing, the food or the conversation. How much simpler it would be if we fed apart and indulged in conversation afterward.—Macmillan's.

### Shingling a House.

And I looked and beheld seven carpenters shingling a house. They were hauling up bundles of shingles that had been lying in the rain for two days and nailing them on one by one. In a few days the shingling will be done. Then the painter will come along with his ladders and brushes and stains, and $300 will be spent by the owner of the cottage to have it thoroughly dabbed. And in a little while the sun will shine, and all the shingles will buckle, some up, some down, until the cottage will resemble a frizzled chicken. And there will be leaks and cursings and lamentations. Now, brethren, why not be sensible in these small matters? Painters are not needed at all in a case of this kind. Keep your shingles dry; buy a few barrels of stain; soak the shingles in the stain and throw them on the grass to dry; then nail them to the clapboards. They will never buckle, they will never leak, and you have saved $300.—New York Press.

### Forest Air.

There is a general impression that the humidity of the air is greater in the woods than in the open fields. This is contradicted, however, by the result of observations made in Germany. It was found there that the humidity, both relative and absolute, was slightly greater in the open than in the woods, and this was true equally in the morning and in the afternoon. As to the temperature of the air among the trees, it was a trifle higher than in the open in the morning and in a more marked degree in the afternoon.

### A Comparison.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his father, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!" "Sir," said his son in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

### An Odd Little Anagram.

Here is an interesting little puzzle and anagram which was published in a newspaper several years ago:

A — old woman with — intent
Put on her — and to market went.
"—," said she, "give me, I pray,
The wherewithal to — this day."

Each of the blanks is to be filled with a word of four letters, and the same letters occur in each of the five different words. These words are consecutively "vile," "evil," "veil," "Levi" and "live."

### Her Share.

"Snigsby has a new scheme that he purposes substituting for the ordinary swear off idea. He is going to carry a little savings bank around with him, and every time he buys liquid refreshments he will drop the cash equivalent in the bank for his wife."

"Whose idea is it?"

"Snigsby's wife. She thinks there'll be a little something in it for her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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### A Hint For Young Playwrights.

The young man wrapped up his rejected play with a rather sad smile.

"Thank you for reading it," he said. "It is the sixth unsuccessful drama I have written."

The manager of 117 theaters gave him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you what you want to do. You want to begin less ambitious. Begin with a one act curtain raiser. And after you've wrote this here curtain raiser send it around with the sentence printed on the cover, 'You can play this for nothing.' I guarantee you'll get a hearing then. Ten to one, by gosh, you'll get played."

"A good idea," murmured the young man.

"That's what it is," said the great manager. "I got it from Sidney Grundy. It's how he began. His first play was a curtain raiser, 'A Little Change.' He said on it, 'Play it for nothing.' And the Haymarket theater took him up."

### Spectacles Demoralizing.

A certain Somerset vicar made himself notorious by the vigor with which in the seventeenth century he inveighed against the use of the newly invented optic glasses, since they perverted vision and made all things appear in an unnatural and therefore a false light. Microscopes and telescopes, with their array of lenses, he declared to be impostors, since a man could not see so well with two pairs of spectacles as with one. Some asserted it to be sinful to assist the eyes, which were adapted by Providence to the capacity of the individual, whether good, bad or indifferent. "It was argued that society at large would become demoralized by the use of spectacles. They would give one man an unfair advantage over his fellow and every man an unfair advantage over every woman, who could not be expected on aesthetic and intellectual grounds to adopt the practice."—London Spectator.

### Put His Foot In It.

On one occasion in Scotland a guest arriving rather late at a country house was quartered in the haunted room. Although professing to be a skeptic, like many others, his courage vanished with the light. Determined, however, to protect himself as well as possible, he placed a loaded revolver under his pillow and awaited events. As the clock struck midnight he saw a fleshy hand at the end of the bed, and, steadying his nerve, he addressed the visitant thus: "If you do not instantly remove your hand I shall fire without further warning." He counted three and then discharged the bullet. A howl of pain which aroused the household followed, and it was soon discovered that the successful marksman had shot away two of his own toes.—London Throne.

### Punishing a Court Fool.

Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and the Emperor Paul had rough ways with their fools. A dagger thrust would follow a poor joke and banishment any sign of declining wit. Once when Fougere, the jester of Czar Paul, offended his royal master he was permitted to depart in peace. In the middle of the night, however, he was aroused and ordered to get up and prepare for immediate banishment to Siberia. In vain the unhappy man pleaded. He was bundled into a dark van and driven away on his long journey. Day after day, week after week, it lasted. Upon arrival he stepped out into the presence of—the czar. All the time he had been driven not toward Siberia, but around and around St. Petersburg!

### Polite Notice Boards.

At the hospital just opposite the entrance to the East India docks and the Blackwall tunnel—under the Thames—notice boards are set up asking the drivers, for the sake of those who are ill within, to walk their horses past the building. That is a common enough request, but what gives it a peculiar interest here is that the carter, having complied or not with the modest demand, is confronted at the other corner of the building by another board, saying, "Thank you, driver."—A Wanderer in London.

### An Event.

"What's the matter? You look as if something extraordinary had happened."

"Something extraordinary has happened. Do you see that street sweeper—the fellow who is stirring things up?"

"Yes. What about him?"

"When he saw me coming a moment ago he stopped and didn't try to choke me with dust and germs."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Inquiry as to a Holdup.

She (sternly)—Why were you so late last night? He (apologetically)—I was held up on my way home. She (still sternly)—Were you too far gone to walk alone?—Baltimore American.

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ON and after Oct. 7, 1906, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 5.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.10, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.00, 10.50 a. m., 12.50, 2.50, 3.55, 4.50, 6.00, 6.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.50, 9.00, 11.01 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 6.50, 8.10, 11.01 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and stations on Taunton Division, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. COTTAGE CITY, 8.10, 11.01 a. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 8.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.37, 5.55 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.15 p. m. For BRADFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.05, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.
aBoat from Fall River.
A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Sup't.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.
Newport & Fall River Division.
TIME TABLE.
In effect on and after Sept. 26, 1906.
Newport, City Hall, Leave—6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 10.50, 11.30, a. m., 12.10 m., 12.50, 1.30, 2.10, 2.50, 3.30, 4.10, 4.50, 5.30, 6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.10, 8.50, 9.30, 10.10, 11.15 p. m. Portsmouth car barn only.
Fall River, City Hall, Leave—5.15, 5.55, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10, 11.50, a. m.; 12.30, 1.10, 1.50, 2.30, 3.10, 3.50, 4.30, 5.10, 5.50, 6.30, 7.10, 7.50, 8.30, 9.10, 9.50, 10.30, 11.10 p. m., for Stone Bridge and Tiverton only.
NEWPORT CITY CARS.
Change of time September 26, 1906.
Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays—8.00 a. m., then same as week days.
Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays—8.52 a. m., the same as week days.
Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.45 p. m., then for Cliff avenue only, 6.15 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
Leave Beach for Franklin Street—7.00 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 8.00 p. m., then from Cliff avenue, 6.22 p. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.37 p. m., then 11.05 p. m. Sundays—Same as week days.
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## The Vicar's Valentine.

"Really, Muriel, I wonder you can stand it."

"Well, I don't like it, I admit. But what am I to do?"

"Do? Why, put your foot down, of course, and let your wretch of a husband see that you'll have no more of it. I know that's what I should do if my Frank were to attempt to treat me in the same way."

"Ah! that's different. You have had complete control over Frank from the first; but I have none over Silas and never have had."

"Entirely your own fault, Muriel. You shouldn't have begun by letting him have his head. If you'd ridden him on the curb from the outset, he would now be as amenable to your control as Frank is to mine."

But, you see, I knew how devoted Silas was to me in those early days, and I believed that his love was the surest guarantee of his constancy."

"Goodness me, Muriel! What a simpleton you must have been! Now, did you really believe that?"

"I did. And so would you have done if you had been in my place—had seen Silas hanging on your every word and look—had heard his passionate protestations of undying devotion."

"Indeed, I should have done nothing of the sort, Muriel. I myself, you must know, went through exactly the same experience with Frank. He, too hung on my every word and look. He made the same extravagant protestations of undying devotion. But do you think I was deceived by them? Not I. I knew men too well. They are all like that in the days of courtship and early marriage. I just said to myself: 'Now, my dear, is your opportunity. Accustom him to give way to you now, while he is in love and can refuse you nothing, and then, when he is out of love, he will still continue to give way to you from sheer force of habit.'"

"You mean to say that Frank is a devoted husband, not because he loves you, but simply because devotion has become a habit with him?"

"Precisely."

"And you are content with that?"

"Quite."

"However, we are getting away from our original topic—your husband's abominable treatment of you. Something must be done, Muriel. This state of things can't go on; otherwise we shall be having a parochial scandal."

"Oh! It's not so bad as that. Silas does flirt in a very silly way with the lady members of his congregation, I know. But I have nothing worse than foolish flirtation to accuse him of—"

"And neglect of yourself."

"Well, yes; he does neglect me more than he should. I don't deny it. But still, his flirtations are of such a very wholesome character, and— after all, there's safety in numbers, isn't there?"

"I'm not so sure."

"What do you mean, Mollie?" demanded the other, sharply. "Have you any reason to suppose that my husband has—has—some particular favorite, whom he has singled out for his personal attentions?"

It was evident that her friend's words had suddenly awakened Muriel's dormant jealousy.

"Well, I can't say more at the moment than that I have my suspicions," was the guarded rejoinder.

"Come, Mollie, you do know something. Tell me, at once, I have a right to know."

"Certainly; I will tell you all that I do know. I happened to see your husband last evening—though I do not think he recognized me—walking along with a lady, with whom he appeared to be on very affectionate terms—"

"Where was this?"

"In the path through the fields to the church, while I was on my way home from the Jevonses."

"And who was the—the—lady, as you call her?"

"It was too dark for me to see."

"But have you no—no idea—no suspicion?"

"No. It was, as I say, too dark, and she was thickly veiled. But I did catch a scrap of their conversation as I passed them—"

"What were they saying?"

"Something about not forgetting Wednesday next was Valentine's day; and it struck me, to say the least of it, as significant. If I were you, I'd keep my eyes open, Muriel, and I'd watch your husband carefully, as he opens his correspondence on that morning. For it's more than likely that it may include some token of affection from this unknown damsel."

"So I will," replied Muriel, pursing up her pretty lips, grimly. "I have never hitherto had anything tangible against Silas—but if I do find him out in this sort of thing, I'll—I'll—"

The two "dramatis personae" in the above dialogue were Muriel Webb and Mollie Gibbings, young married women and bosom friends, while the subject of their conversation was the Rev. Silas Webb, husband of the former.

The information had thoroughly aroused little Mrs. Webb, and, like all meek people when they are aroused, she was in a very dangerous mood indeed.

Of course she said nothing to her husband of what she had been told. She wasn't going to put him on his guard and thus give away her chance of catching him. On the contrary, she meant to bide her time, to wait for Valentine's day and then see what happened.

This resolve she carried out. Valentine's day arrived, and with it, while she and the Rev. Silas sat at breakfast, the morning's letters. Mrs. Webb, while pretending to be engrossed with the newspaper, watched her husband keenly while he opened his correspondence. Letter after letter he opened, glanced at and tossed carelessly aside. Nothing suspicious so far. At length he came to a more bulky envelope; he opened it, just looked at the contents; then, with an air of embarrassed confusion, thrust it hastily into his pocket.

But he was too late. His wife's sharp eyes had caught sight of the contents of that envelope—a paded and scented card with a fancy border—and she was down on it like a thousand bricks.

Before he was aware or could prevent her, she had sprung forward, with flushing cheeks and blazing eyes, and snatched it by a protruding corner from his pocket. . . . . A valentine—yes! And what a valentine! The picture of a nymph, highly colored in warm flesh tints and attired in the merest apology for raiment, at whom a cupid, with extended bow, was in the act of aiming an enormous arrow.

Beneath that significant picture was this still more significant doggerel couplet:

O be mine, as I am thine,
Thus implores your Valentine.

"Silas!" demanded Mrs. Webb, transformed by wrath, jealousy and disgust from her usually meek little self into a veritable Medusa. "Silas! Who has sent you this—this disgraceful and indecent thing? And you a clergyman, too. Answer me, sir!"

"My dear—really, my dear—"

"Don't call me your dear. Reserve such tender phrases for the—the creature who has sent you this. Who is she, Silas? I demand to know."

"Really, my—my dear, I—I can't—can't tell you; for I—I don't know myself," he stammered.

"That's a falsehood, Silas. You do know."

"I—I d—don't, I repeat."

"Very well. Since you won't tell me, I shall take steps to find out for myself. In the meanwhile, I shall keep this disgraceful thing in safe custody, until I have the opportunity of flinging it back in the sender's face."

With that, she sailed majestically from the room, her husband being too much taken aback to attempt to stop her.

In the course of the morning she went over, with the valentine in her possession, to show it to her friend Mollie Gibbings, and to consult her as to the best way of finding out the sender of the missive.

"You were right, Mollie," she said. "That creature whom you saw walking with Silas the other night did send him a valentine, as you suspected she would—and a most disgraceful and indecent one, too. Here it is. Did you ever see anything so flagrantly disgraceful?"

Mollie took the precious thing and looked at it. She was in the habit of using masculine slang in moments of excitement, and she did so now.

"Well, I must say this is a trifle indelicate," she said.

"But he must know who the creature is with whom you saw him walking the other night."

Mollie Gibbings smiled.

Oh! that was all a myth," she replied. "I just told you the tale to arouse your jealousy and make you look out for this valentine, the discovery of which was to force you to assert yourself and give you, for the future, the whip hand of your husband. No doubt he really believes that one of his numerous flames did send it to him. And so long as he cherishes that belief, and so long as you keep the valentine to hold over his head like a sword of Damocles, I'll be bound you'll see an astonishing change for the better in his behavior."

"Mollie, what do you mean? Then, who sent him that disgraceful valentine?" demanded little Mrs. Webb.

"Why, you goose, I sent it myself, of course," chuckled Mollie Gibbings.—London Truth.

## The Doctor's Progress.

One of Dr. Seward Webb's neighbors in Vermont is an aged physician, whose family practice extends for miles around. His son took up medicine and moved to a Western state, where, after a lapse of five years, the old man visited him.

"Take me around your ride an' let me see the extent o' your practice," said pater.

In the course of the drive the father remarked two new meeting houses with graveyards attached, which the young man informed him had been erected since his residence there. He also told his father that he had frequent calls to places beyond his regular circuit.

When the old Vermonter returned home the first question his wife asked was—"How's Fred doing?"

He replied: "Very, very well; in fact, first rate. He has already filled one graveyard full, another nearly so, and seems to have a pretty fair chance in the surrounding country."—N. Y. Press.

## Quite Voluntary.

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the Magistrate, addressing the mother, who held a small, dirty, struggling boy by the hand.

"Yes, sir, he did," replied the mother, jerking her offspring into momentary inactivity. "I had to persuade him a little, but he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" asked the Magistrate.

"Well, first I gave him a good whipping," said the determined-looking little woman, "and then I put him to bed without any supper, and took his clothes away, and told him he'd stay in bed till he'd confess what he'd done if 'twas for the rest of his days, and I should whip him again in the morning.

In less than an hour he told me the whole story, voluntarily."—Youth's Companion.

## Her Turn.

Five young men entered a store to buy a hat each. Seeing that they were ready for a joke, the clerk said, 'Are you married?"

Each said, "Yes."

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can say, truthfully, that he has never kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over the hat," said one of the party. "I've won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily while telling his wife the joke; but suddenly pulled up when she said: "But, John, how was it you did not bring one?"

## Frank.

The magnate had been summoned as a witness.

"We shall expect you to answer our questions with absolute candor," the commission informed him.

"Certainly, gentlemen, certainly," was the bland response. "But in view of this, I would ask the favor of eliminating from your list such questions as might have a tendency to lead to your acquiring information."

Thereupon the commission retired for consultation.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Judge—You've got a bad record. You've already served two terms in the penitentiary. What have you got to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Prisoner—My constitutional rights, judge. It's the unwritten law that no man should have a third term.—Kansas City Times.

Men have a good deal to say about women telling secrets, but mighty few men ever get on a real ground-floor, and refrain from telling their particular friends "on the quiet."

Women often say, "How little children enjoy Christmas!"

True enough; but why should old people butt in?

## For the Master's Use.

The writing desk lay open. Its owner had been called away in the act of beginning an important letter. On it were laid a sheet of note-paper and an envelope; beside it stood the ink-bottle, and close by it lay a pen, the blotting-paper and the pen-wiper.

The silence of the room was broken by the Note-paper speaking to his companions.

"You needn't look so consequential," he said scornfully; "it is on me the letter will be written."

"Yes," said the Pen, "but you forget it is I who wrote it."

"And you forget," said the Ink, "that you couldn't write without me?"

"You needn't boast," said the Ink-bottle, "for where would you be but for me."

"It is ridiculous of you all to be so conceited," interposed the Blotting-paper; "only for me what a mess you'd be in."

"And may I ask," said the Envelope, "what use would any of you be if I did not take the letter safely where it is to go?"

"But it is I who write the directions on you," snapped the Pen.

"Dear sirs, please stop quarreling," gently said the little Pen-wiper, who had not spoken yet.

"What have you to say?" asked the Pen, contemptuously. "You are nothing but a door-mat," and he laughed at his own wit.

"Even if I am only a door-mat," said the Pen-wiper, humbly, "only for me you would be so rough with dried ink you couldn't be used. And that is all any of us are good for—just to be used. We might all stay here for the rest of our lives, and not all of us put together could write that letter. Only the hand of our master could do that."

"I believe he's right," said the Envelope and Note-paper together.

"Yes," said the Ink, "it was foolish of us to forget that we can do nothing until we are used."

"True enough," murmured the Ink-bottle, "for what use would I be if you were not in me?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the Blotting-paper, "we ought to have thought of that."

"Indeed, yes; and I'm sure I beg your pardon, Mr. Pen-wiper for calling you a door-mat," said the Pen in a humble voice.

"Please don't mention it," said the little Pen-wiper, "but I do think we would be happier if we would just do the best we can, without being jealous."

As he spoke the owner re-entered the room and silence fell. The Pen was taken up, dipped in the Ink and passed to and fro on the Note-paper, the Blotting-paper pressed on it; the letter placed in the Envelope; the address written; the Pen wiped on the Pen-wiper.

"We have each done our part," murmured the Ink.

"Yes," said the Pen, "and without our master we could have done nothing at all."—The British Messenger.

## Do Wolves Eat Men?

A skeptical person, calling himself St. Croix, has been trying to find out whether wolves and bears are maligned by the popular stories of their man eating ways.

First he tried running down the stories told in newspaper dispatches. Foiled in this effort, he turned to the Indians. They knew the gray wolf, having wintered and summered with him. Had they ever known of an Indian being killed by one? N-no; but Mingan was very crafty and very much to be dreaded.

Quite so, but once for all, had he ever to their knowledge killed a man! No, but they had heard—. So it went; always the same intangible, unconfirmed rumors and the same absence of proof.

"Now for a few facts as to the wolf," writes St. Croix in Recreation. "He can go eight days without food and can then eat forty pounds of meat at a sitting, so the Indians say. This is pretty fair for an animal weighing but eighty pounds. Yet we do not know the length of the sitting.

"The wolf will not venture on glare ice, he never crosses a lake until there is enough snow to hide the ice. To wetting his feet he is as averse as the domestic cat. He will not kill his game in the shelter of the forest, always driving it into some open place for the kill.

"When chasing a deer he goes at a leisurely lope, sitting down at intervals to give the most dolorous and blood curdling howls. This drives the poor victim into a wild gallop and soon exhausts it and as the wolf never tires he is sure sooner or later to catch up with the quarry.

"In winter the deer often makes for some wild rapid into which it plunges, knowing that the wolf will not follow. Too often the deer drowns, but better such a death than one by the fangs.

"In summer a couple of wolves will secure all the deer they need by very simple tactics. Having put up the quarry, one wolf drives it by easy stages to some little lake—I speak now of the Laurentian country—and on reaching the shore the deer plunges unhesitatingly in, for its instinct tells it the enemy will not dare to follow.

"So on it swims, while the pursuer sits on his haunches and howls dismally, no doubt because he sees his dinner escaping. At length the tired deer drags itself wearily from the water, and shakes the drops from its coat on the sun warmed strand. Then the companion wolf, which has waylaid its coming, springs at its throat and when the first wolf joins him they have a gorge that makes them independent of fate for a whole week."

"If I were younger," said the rich old man, "I believe I might win you for my wife."

"Yes," replied the cold beauty, dreamily considering his sixty years, "or, say, fifteen or twenty years older."—Philadelphia Press.

Marriage is a relation which is indissoluble except for one reason. If it is a civil relation a divorce can and may be granted. If it is ordained by God no court has any right to interfere and sever the bonds.—Rev. E. L. Powell, Disciple, Louisville.

The Bible is still the greatest book of religion that we possess. The work of our great scholars, as our own experiences, is making this more apparent continually.—Rev. C. K. Jones, Unitarian, Los Angeles.

"Don't you think her face rather too thin?"

"Well, I don't know. I can't see any place where it's worn through. Can you?"—Puck.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

## Used to Know Him.

"They're going to run Jim Peabody for the legislature, father," said the elderly woman, as she turned a sheet of the newspaper.

"What's that?" said the old man, scooping his hand behind his ear.

"Jim Peabody," repeated his daughter. "You used to know him, didn't you?"

"Jim Peabody?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jim Peabody for the legislature?"

The elderly woman consulted the paper again. "Did I say the legislature? No, it's for congress."

"That's what the paper says."

"Oh, shucks! Jim Peabody? You're just foolin' me."

"I ain't, either. You jest take the paper an' see for yourself."

"I ain't got my specs. Well, they're foolin' him. Not for congress?"

"Yes, sir; the paper says he's sure of the nomination, an' party leaders believe that he will carry the doestrict by an unparallel majority."

"Jim Peabody will?"

"Why, yes. Why shouldn't he?"

"Well, well! Now doesn't that beat everything! What d'ye s'pose they'll be a-doin' next? All the same, you can't make me believe it. It don't seem reasonable. Why, jest think of it! Jim Peabody! For congress! That's all foolishness, gal. Jest ermagine it! There's a ketch in it somewhere, I'll bet you a cooky."

"Why shouldn't he, father?"

"Why shouldn't he? Why should he? Tell me that. Ain't there nobuddy else they could nu' picked out b'sides Jim Peabody? By gol! That's a good one, too! 'Why shouldn't he?'"

"But, father, they say he's one of the foremost lawyers in the state."

"Why?"

"Why, Jim Peabody."

"Ah, shucks!"

"But why, father?"

"That paper says that Jim Peabody is one of the foremost lawyers in the state, an' they're a-goin' to run him for the congress o' the United States. Is that what it says?"

"It says he's 'admittedly' the foremost lawyer an' that his unspotted reputation an' marked ability joined with his personal charm an' his fame as an orator an' debater make him the ideal candidate."

"It's some other Jim Peabody."

"James H."

"Is that really so?"

"James H. Peabody, familiarly known as Jim Peabody, it says. An' it tells about him bein' raised near Brownsville. I heard mother talk about the Peabodys an' about Jim a studyin' law."

"I disremember that, but it couldn't be him, anyway."

"What makes you think so, father?"

"Why I've known Jim Peabody when he wasn't knee high to a duck. I knowed his father afore him an' his gran'father. Jim uster be a little red-headed, freckle-faced young one, runnin' around with his pantles all worn out. I kin remember him jest as well as if 'twas yesterday. You can't fool me."

"I don't see why it couldn't be the same, though."

"Foremost lawyer in the state an runnin' for congress? Now, don't be foolish. Jim? No, sir! Don't I tell you I knowed him when they that put him out o' petticuts! No, it's some other Jim Peabody."—Chicago News.

## Astronomy's Intricacies.

Miss Dorothea Klumpke, the astronomer, was talking about the difficulties and intricacies that astronomy presents to the lay mind.

"For instance," she said, smiling, "there is the well known case of the meteorite that fell on a Vermont farm in 1890.

"It was a valuable meteorite and the landlord at once stepped up and claimed it. 'All minerals and metals on the land belong to me,' he said. 'That's in the lease.'

"But the tenant demurred. 'This meteorite,' he said, 'wasn't on the farm, you must remember, when the lease was drawn up.'

"The landlord perceived the justice of that claim. He thought a moment. Then he said, decisively, 'I claim her as flying game.'

"But the tenant was ready for him. 'She's got neither wings nor feathers,' he said. 'Therefore, as ground game, she's mine.'

"They continued their argument, and in the heat of it a revenue officer, arriving with a truck, proceeded to put the meteorite aboard. 'I claim her for the Government,' he said, as an article introduced into the country without payment of duty.'"

## Sermons on Church Bells.

An examination of the bells of Hickling Church, Nottinghamshire, brought to light the following inscription on one of them:

My roaming sound doth warning give
That man cannot heare always live.

On the tenor bell is this:

All men that hear my mournful sound,
Repent before you lye in ground.
—London Evening Standard.

## Her Query.

Agent—I have a book you should buy for your son, telling how to become a politician, statesman, President of the United States, banker, broker—

Mrs. Hennesy—G'wan; did yer mother buy wan for you?

"Do you think the effects of the Brownsville affair will be far-reaching?" asked the man who interviews everybody.

"Yass, indeed," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I know's a dozen children dat's done had deir names changed f'om T. Roosevelt, back to 'George Washington.'"—Washington Star.

"The defendant in a murder trial goes through a terrible ordeal, doesn't he?"

"I suppose so," said the ex-juror wearily, "but he has one advantage over us. He's presumed to be innocent until proved guilty."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He (after the refusal)—Had I been rich, perhaps your answer would have been quite different.

She—Perhaps.

He—But poverty is no crime.

She—Oh, yes, it is—and the punishment is hard labor—Illustrated Bits.

Doctor—The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that.

Husband—Huml Would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?—Weiner Salonwitzblatt.

# Women's Dep't.

## A Story of Susan B. Anthony.

Feb. 15 was the 87th. anniversary of the birth of Susan B. Anthony. Women's clubs the country over are observing the occasion with appropriate exercises. Many interesting stories of the famous woman suffragist have been told, of which the following is one:—Miss Anthony once said to a friend:

"Elizabeth, I want you to make me a promise. You know that in every town we visit, every woman who has made an unfortunate marriage, every mother who has had her heart almost broken by a dissipated son, every woman who has suffered some great agony on account of the unjust laws—which do not give a mother an equal right with the father of her own children, or a woman a right to her wages—these women, hungry for sympathy and advice, crowd about with their heart-breaking stories, until I fear that I shall forget the thousands of noble men who love justice and purity. Now, I put it on your conscience, whenever I seem to be growing bitter or unjust to men, come to me and tell me. Do not let me, in my intense desire to make the world a safer, better place for women and children, do an injustice to men. If you see me growing one sided, promise to tell me."

The promise must have been kept for Susan B. Anthony's sweetness and fair-mindness were apparent to all who knew her. To fight bitter wrongs, bitter injustice, bitter abuse, and yet keep one's self serenely sweet and just to all—this is the task set for every suffragist, and the written and spoken word of this class of people show that they have been equal to the task.—Lida Calvert Obenchain.

## Senator Patterson On The Statehood Bill.

When the Statehood Bill was under discussion in the United States Senate, Senator Patterson, of Colorado offered an amendment, the effect of which, if adopted, would have been to permit women of full age in the proposed two new States to vote for members of the constitutional conventions and then the ratification or rejection of the Constitution. In defending his amendment Senator Patterson said:—

"Who will say, Mr. President, that such a privilege should not be given to the women of these now four Territories. It is now the crucial time for the future of these four Territories in connection with the proposed Statement. The constitutional conventions will have everything with which women are most deeply concerned to consider, the question of divorces, the question of the parents to children, the question of the ownership of property by wives to the proceeds of their own labor, and the question of schools. Who is more deeply interested in these different questions than are the women of these now four territories? Whatever may be said of the bravery, the courage, the self-sacrificing devotion, and the patriotism of those who felt behind them the civilization of the comforts of their eastern homes, as applicable to the men, may be emphasized livefold as applicable to the women. Mr. President, this is in the line of the progress of civilization."

The amendment was rejected, but History will not have to record of Thomas M. Patterson that he was one those who made himself "the laughing stock of posterity" by standing in the way of evolution.—Elizabeth J. Hauser.

## Boarding House Conundrum.

"Why is a woman like an airship?" asked the fun boarder.

"Hard to manage?" suggested the man with the fat wife.

"Good, but not the correct answer," said the fun one.

"Takes so long to get her started?" suggested another.

"That's not it."

"Well, we give it up," came the chorus.

"Because when she goes 'up in the air' you can't tell what she's going to do next."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Logical English.

I paused to talk with a fishmonger.

"Fishmonger," said I, pleasantly, "why do you fishmong?"

He answered with a cordial smile: "I fishmong because my father fishmong before me."

"And have you been fishmonging long?" I asked further.

"Yes," was the reply. "I have fishmong for seven years come Michaelmas."

"You are a worthy fishmonger," I responded, "and I am sure you always mong the best of fish."—Carolyn Wells in Life.

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Idleness "throws" more men than overwork breaks down.

These persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Nerve Pills a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Try them.

Horse cars in New York City streets will shortly be replaced by electric cars.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may be termed "Perfection."

A bee visits 3,500,000 flowers in gathering one pound of honey.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

A critic is a man who couldn't have done it himself.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

## Why Girls Don't Marry.

[By Beatrice Fairfax.]

We hear a great many reasons—good, bad, and indifferent—why girls don't marry.

Here is a reason that we don't hear very much about, and yet it is a very real one. The day is past when a girl married for a home, for the modern, capable girl can provide a home for herself. There is only one reason why she should marry, and that is for love.

But when you see a splendid girl married to a miserable little whipper-snapper of a man, it is very hard to believe that she married him for love.

It seems impossible that an insignificant nothing of a man should dare to ask a fine, intelligent girl to marry him.

And yet when girls remain unmarried the reason is nearly always ascribed to "lack of opportunity."

This is not true, for there are very few women in the world who have never had the chance to marry. But there are a great many women who have never met the right man, and therefore have remained single sooner than marry a man whom they did not love.

Woman is not the beauty worshipper that man is, so she does not demand an Adonis; but she does want an able, intelligent man, whom she can honor as well as love.

Woman, I am glad to say, is getting much harder to suit in the husband line. Time was when good looks, good clothes and a dashing manner were enough for her.

Nowadays she realizes that even if she does not marry life may still hold much for her. There are better things in life than marriage with a poor little specimen.

To marry a good man is the best fate that can befall any girl.

But to marry a man whom she can neither love nor look up to is about the worst fate that can befall her.

Don't throw yourself away, girls; don't be in a hurry to marry the first man that asks you unless you sincerely love him.

Remember that married life has its ups and downs, and that it requires a great deal of love to keep the way smooth.

And the next time you hear people say that the country is full of old maids just say to them, "Bring out a more satisfactory lot of men and you won't find so many old maids."—New York Journal.

## Slipping One Over.

The rector of the church at Asheville said the other night in the course of an address:

"These subtle attacks are the most unexpected and the most wounding. You have heard about the clergyman and his aged parishioner?

"The parishioner said that he thought clergymen should be better paid.

"'I am pleased to hear you say that, Brother Brown,' exclaimed the young man, beaming with good will and happiness. 'It rejoices my heart to hear you say that.'

"'Yes,' resumed the parishioner slowly and thoughtfully, 'we'd get a better class of men then.'"—Baltimore News.

## The One Thing Lacking.

An artist was talking about the late Walter Appleton Clark, who died at the beginning of his artistic career.

"And Clark," he said, "had a strong sense of humor. I remember going through a millionaire's stables with him one day.

"You know what a millionaire's stables nowadays are like—floors and walls of translucent white tiles, drinking fountains of marble, mahogany mangers, silver trimmings, and so forth and so on.

"'Well, gentlemen,' said the millionaire proudly, 'is anything lacking?'

"'I can think of nothing,' said Clark, 'except a coin for each horse.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## Results the Same.

"There are many good voices," Mme. Calve said, "that the world will never hear because their owners are too indolent to develop them.

"It is like the story of the farmer.

"Looking up from his magazine the farmer said vehemently to his wife one night:

"'Do you know what I'd have done if I had been Napoleon?'

"'Yes,' she answered. 'You'd have settled down in Corsica and spent your life in grumbling about bad luck and hard times.'"

An old man was just recovering from an operation, and as he lay regaining consciousness he heard the doctor say to a nurse regarding some powders to be given him, "If one every hour is too much give him a half one every half hour." The old gentleman raised himself up on his elbow and said:

"Say, doc, that reminds me of a man that had a Newfoundland dog. His wife got so tired of him (the dog, not the man) track up the floors and porches that finally she made her husband take the dog to town and sell him. That afternoon he returned radiant. 'Well,' he said, 'I've sold him for twenty-five dollars.' 'Good!' cried his wife. 'I can get than hat now.' 'But,' continued the man, 'I bought two puppies with the money.'"

The doctor looked at the nurse and said:

"I think he'll recover."

P. S.—He did.—Judge.

When Bishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal church was a young preacher he once gave a lecture in a rural community. Wishing to be witty, he announced to his audience that he was a berry and called upon them to state what kind of berry. Nearly every berry known in the vicinity was guessed, and the speaker refused to share the qualities of any of those named. At last an old lady who was not sympathetic with the seeming levity of the lecturer, arose and exclaimed in a squeaky voice: I know what kind of a berry you are. You are a gooseberry and a green one at that. Go on with the lecture." And the lecture did quickly.—Christian Work.

Jimmy had come to school with dirty hands, says a writer in New York World. His teacher was shocked.

"Jamie," she said, reproachfully, "your hands are very dirty. What would you say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't speak about it," said Jimmy; "I'd be too polite."

When a man comes around, and induces a society to get up a play, members of the society say their purpose is to make money. Really, the members want to act; usually, they know they will lose money.

# Historical and Genealogical.

## Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the ollowing rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1907.

### NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

William (1) Biddle, born in England in 1630, came in 1681, and joined the Quakers; owner of 42916 acres in Jersey; Dec. 17, 1681, he lived six miles from Burlington, known as Biddles Island, Jan. 10, 1681, William (1) Biddle surveyed 500 acres against this Island, he called Mount Hope, here he built a mansion, where Friends solemnized marriages.

William (1) Biddle made his will June 23, 1711, of Mount Hope, Burlington, Co., N. J., as found in Liber I, p. 338 thus; I, William Biddle of Mount Hope, County Burlington, N. J. give all that message or dwelling house and plantation where I now dwell commonly called and known by name of Mount Hope, with the 500 acres unto my son William Biddle, and Lydia his wife for and during the term of their lives after their decease I give my plantation to my grandson William Biddle, the son of my son William Biddle; To cousin Thomas Biddle and his heirs (Thomas, Sarah, Rachel) 500 acres to be taken up in part of my right to take up lands in the Western division of the Province of New Jersey; I give unto Thomas Biddle, Sarah Biddle and Rachel Biddle, the children of Thomas Biddle the sum of 11 pounds and 10 shillings; To my grandson William Biddle 75 pounds to be paid by my executor; To granddaughter Elizabeth Biddle, daughter of son William Biddle, 37 pounds and 10 shillings when 21 years old; To granddaughter Lydia Biddle, another daughter of son William Biddle, 37 pounds and 10 shillings when 21; To grandson Joseph Biddle, 500 acres to be taken up in Western division of province of Jersey, also I give said Joseph the sum of 37 pounds and 10 shillings to be paid by my executor when Joseph is 21 years old; To grandson John Biddle and his heirs, 500 acres to be taken up in right of Western division of province of New Jersey, and I give him 37 pounds and 10 shillings. I make my son William Biddle, with my friends Lawrence Bunbey of Chesterfield and John Wills of Northampton, Executors 23 day of 4th. month called June 1711.

(Liber I. p. 338.)

John (3) Biddle (William (2), William (1) aboveaid, b. in Jersey 1707; d. in Philadelphia 1769; md. 1736 Sarah (Owen, daughter of Owen Owen), had son Clement Biddle b. Phila. in 1740; d. there 1814, was a soldier in Revolution; md. (1) Mary Richardson; md. (2) Rebecca Cornell, daughter of Gideon Cornell of the Cornell family above mentioned.

William (2) Biddle (2) md. Sarah Kemp, of their children William married (1) Anne Holmes (2) Mary Scull; Elizabeth never married; Sarah; Penelope md. Wm. Whitehead; Lydia md. Peter Imlay; Joseph md. Rebecca Arney; John md. Sarah Owen; Their mother died in 1709 aged 75; 1682 their father was Councillor of W. Jersey assembly.

Freedom (2) Lippincott (Richard) had a daughter Judith (3) Lippincott b. Aug. 22, 1699; md. Nov. 9, 1710, Joseph Stokes, son of Thomas (1) Stokes (Stoaks) who came with his family in ship Kent ——, having married 10; 30; 1668, Mary Barnard; Thomas (1) Stokes was of Waterford, Gloucester Co., N. J., when he made his will Oct. 30, 1719; mentions children John Stoake, who has daughter Mary under 18, son Thomas Stoaks who has daughter Lydia; son Joseph Stoake; daughters Deliverance, Sarah and Mary; son John Stokes, sole executor. Witnesses—Hannah Wright, James Childs, John Key; Proved April 9, 1720. (Liber 2, p. 138).

Children of Joseph and Judith (Lippincott) Stokes were;

1. Samuel Stokes b. 7; 16; 1711; md. 1741 Hannah Hinchman.
2. Hannah Stokes b. 3; 2; 1713; md. 1733 Thomas Cole; md. (2) John Goslin.
3. Mary Stokes b. 9; 4; 1715; died unmarried.
4. Martha Stokes b. 1; 8; 1718; md. 1737 Mathew Allen.
5. Rebecca Stokes b. 1; 28; 1720; md. Joshua Roberts.
6. Judith Stokes b. 4; 30; 1722; md. 1745 William Allen.
7. Bathsheba Stokes b. 9; 13; 1726; md. 1745 Isaac Evans.
8. Nathan Stokes b. 7; 14; 1728.
9. Joseph Stokes b. 1; 22; 1730; md. 1757, Atlantic Bispham.
10. Mary Stokes b. 3; md. 1768, Joseph Morgan, as his third wife. Their mother died and their father md. (2) Ann Haines, daughter of John Ashard and widow of John Haines, son of Jonathan Haines and Mary (Matlack, daughter of William (1) and Mary (Hancock) Matlack).

Children of this second marriage were;

11. John Stokes md. Mary Atkinson.
12. Thomas Stokes md. Mary Chambers.
13. Elizabeth Stokes md. Isaac Rogers.

Their father died in 1761 and their mother in 1796. Children of Thomas (1) Stokes and wife Mary Barnard (Barnerd) were:

Sarah (2) Stokes, md. 1693 Benjamin Moore.

Mary (2) Stokes, md. 1696 John Hudson.

John (2) Stokes, b. 1675; md. 1712 Elizabeth Green, daughter of Thomas (Arthur) of Northampton, England. The father of Elizabeth Green disinherited her for marrying Stokes.

Joseph (2) Stokes, md. (1) Judith Lippincott, md (2) Ann Haine, widow.

Thomas (2) Stokes, b. 1682; md. 1704 Deliverance Homer, md. (2) Rachel Wright.

To be continued.

### QUERIES.

6303. SELL.—Who was the Edward Sell, who came to Bermuda in the "Freelove", from London, in June, 1635, aged 18 years. Can any one give me his further history?—M. N.

6304. Weeden.—Who was Ruth, wife of Samuel Weeden, of Newport, R. I., who has son Thomas, born in Newport, November 15, 1729?—D. S.

6305. POWELL—Who was Ester, wife of Adam Powell, of Newport, R. I., who had a daughter Elizabeth, born at Newport, Ap. 8, 1714?—D. S.

6306. LINDSAY—John Lindsay, of Bristol, R. I., b. 1668, married Elizabeth, daughter of John and Mary (Lindsay) Munro. Can any one give me the authority for this statement? I have the marriage record, in Bristol, Aug. 29, 1694, of John Lindsay and Elizabeth Munro, but the parentage is not given. Would be glad for further information.—M. N.

6307. SHERMAN—Benjamin Sherman was a weaver, and lived in So. Kingstown, R. I. March 11, 1727—8, John Sheldon was appointed guardian of George and Benjamin Sherman. (So. Kingstown Probate Book, II, p. 64.)

Ap. 14, 1735, Benjamin Sherman appointed guardian of his sister Susannah Sherman, daughter of Thomas. (Do II, 140.)

Probate Book 5, p. 42, So. Kingstown gives an item in regard to Benjamin Sherman as administrator of estate of Lydia Potter. Land Evidence, Vol. 3, p. 388 gives the following:

Benjamin Sherman, of South Kingstown, (weaver) with the consent and approbation of Lydia Potter, of South Kingstown, who is also mother and guardian to the said Benjamin, conveyed to Daniel Sherman (cordwainer) his interest in certain estate, real and personal, that belonged to his father, Thomas Sherman, deceased. Dated May 8, 1730.

Apr. 3, 1792, "Whereas this council this day Recd. information and complaint that Benjamin Sherman is not capable to transact his business be being at this present time non compos mentis. Thereupon this Council takes the sd Benjamin and his estate under their care and appoint Isaac Tanner of this town his Guardian he the sd Tanner giving bond in the sum of five hundred pounds with two Sureties for his faithful discharge &c agreeable with Law. (Probate Book, 6, p. 87.) Page 76 of the "Register Book of St. Paul's Church," North Kingstown gives the baptism of Benjamin Sherman, "Commonly known by the name of Ben Sherman. See also Arnold, Vol. 10, p. 371, Baptisms of St. Paul's Church, Narragansett." Benjamin Sherman, adult, commonly known as "Ben", May 30, 1762 (Must be a misprint, meaning 1762, as original says 1762.)

Isaac Tanner and Lydia Sherman, of Benjamin, married by Wm. White, Justice, Dec. 8, 1759. (Arnold's Vital Records, So. Kingstown, Vol. 5, p. 32.) Would like dates of birth and death of Lydia Sherman. Isaac Tanner removed to Tanner Hill, N. Y., where he died Sept. 10, 1822. A Bible record says that he was born in South Kingstown, R. I., Sept. 9, 1736. Would also like date of death of Benjamin Sherman.—E. F. C.

## Middletown.

SPECIAL COUNCIL SESSION.—For the past fortnight there has been considerable uneasiness manifested by the residents of the town in the vicinity of the Peabody school-house in regard to the cases of diphtheria in the family of Antoine Souza, on Third Beach Road. Two of his children were reported as having diphtheria on February 23, and as they had been attending school at the Peabody school-house but a few days previous there was fear that other scholars might have contracted the disease. Some of the parents interested expressed a desire to have the school discontinued, but the Superintendent of Schools did not deem it expedient so to do and the sessions have been held each school day with very limited attendance. There was also a general opinion that the premises of Souza were not in the best sanitary condition and that an examination should be made. On the contrary others thought it unnecessary, and no action was taken by the Board of Health in reference to a sanitary inspection. A trained nurse was retained and given charge of the house with instructions to forbid any coming to or going therefrom by persons not in residence. There seems to be three distinct families occupying the house, though not by any means extending in its measurements, and in consequence isolation of one from another was quite difficult to maintain.

During the present week members of the Souza family were said to have diphtheria and the demand for a sanitary inspection became quite pronounced. In response to this demand, the Town Council was convened as a Board of Health on Wednesday and Joseph A. Peckham was appointed a committee to employ proper sanitary experts, make an examination of the Souza premises and if any source of sickness is found to take all needful measures to remove the same and further to keep a strict quarantine on the families occupying the dwelling house.

At the Council meeting on Wednesday, Philip Caswell was appointed a committee to confer with the Public School Committee in relation to rebuilding the Witherbee school-house recently destroyed by fire, also to obtain plans for a new building and estimates of the probable cost thereof, and to report the same to the regular Council meeting to be held on March 18. This action was taken preliminary to submitting some proposition to the tax-paying electors at the annual town meeting to be held on April 3, for an appropriation for a new building. The amount of insurance on the former building was $1500, and it is thought that to duplicate this building will involve an outlay of nearly $3000.

ANOTHER FIRE.—Soon after three o'clock on Wednesday the large sheep house of William Bailey, situated on his farm on the west shore, was discovered to be on fire and in a brief time the building with contents was entirely consumed. A considerable quantity of hay had but recently been put in the loft. The sheep were got out before the building left in. The fire had obtained such headway before discovery that nothing could be done to subdue it. The building was quite a distance from the farmhouse and there was no water in its vicinity, hence little could be done in the way of extinguishing the fire.

The usual Wednesday evening's supper given by the Ladies' Aid of the M. E. Church was changed to Thursday of this week in order to entertain the presiding elder, Rev. A. J. Coultas of Providence. On account of Rev. Dr. Coultas' enforced absence, Rev. C. A. Stenhouse presided. The fourth quarterly conference was held after the supper at the parsonage, at which Rev. H. H. Critchlow received a unanimous call for another year.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Percival Grinnell of Narragansett Pier are visiting Mrs. R. J. Grinnell.

Weekly services through Lent are being observed at the three Episcopal churches: Wednesday evenings at Holy Cross Chapel, West Main road; Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoons at 4 p. m., at St. Mary's Church, East Main road, and at 4.30 Friday afternoons at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, Indian avenue.

Mr. Wm. H. Sisson removed this week from the Wm. Peckham farm on Wapping road, to the DeBlois farm on the West Main road. It is understood that there is a likelihood of Mr. Clinton Smith purchasing the Peckham farm.

The Paradiso Reading Club was pleasantly entertained Wedesday afternoon by Mrs. Sidney Johnson. "The Quaker City" was the topic. The attendance has been good throughout the winter.

Mr. Benjamin Anthony has removed this week from the Henry Congdon property on Green End avenue to the "King Farm," nearly on 3d Beach road.

Rev. Latta Griswold has appointed, as a committee to have charge of the erection of the new Berkeley Parish House, Messrs. Joel Peckham, Thomas Molden and Charles J. H. Schwarz.

Several acts of vandalism having been committed at the Wyatt waiting room the authorities have painted and sanded the walls of the interior and it is hoped that the literature placed in the "W. C. T. U." box may not be scattered about the premises.

Aquidneck Grange will devote its next meeting to the initiation of new candidates.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union held their regular meeting with Mrs. Lizzie Wyatt on Wyatt road Friday afternoon.

The condition of Mr. Charles A. Peckham, who is suffering from a broken leg, is as favorable as possible under the circumstances. The time of waiting is especially irksome to Mr. Peckham who has never known sickness or confinement to the house before in his life.

Mrs. H. M. Wilson of Paradise avenue has returned from an extended visit to New York and New Jersey.


# Where Is It?

On the floor, underneath that pile of papers, or shut up in the desk perhaps, at any rate, not in sight, and you're ready to settle down for an evening's read. Your case? Then why don't you get

# A BOOKCASE

And not let your books lie helter-skelter about your living rooms? Expense surely can't be the drawback, else you don't know bookcase values here.

A SECTIONAL, of course, is the real up-to-date sort to buy—the real practical sort, too, accommodates itself to your needs so easily. Every first-class furniture store that can sells "The Gunn." Practical handlers agree in its being the best stocked, best constructed, most practical. All can't handle it—one in a town, that's all. We're the handlers here. Let us tell you, on the sly, that our Gunn prices are a little lower than anybody sells any other sort of a section case for.

# A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

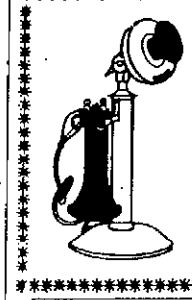


To owners of Real Estate in Middletown and Portsmouth. We have occasional calls for property in this section. If you wish to dispose of yours kindly let us know.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

Box 3 COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.





In almost every issue of the daily newspapers there is mention somewhere of assistance having been called by telephone. A telephone message is the quickest means of communication.

***

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET.



# Carr's List.

FRIDAY THE 13TH,
By Thomas W. Lawson.

RUNNING WATER,
By A. E. W. Mason.

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN,
By Meredith Nicholson.

THE ROME EXPRESS,
By Arthur Griffiths.

PRISONERS OF FORTUNE,
By R. P. Smith.

THE MIRACLE WORKER,
By Gerald Maxwell.

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.



# Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to

2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.


GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, HAZEL BRENTON WARD, a minor above the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Hazel Brenton Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD,
Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—2-23-4w

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Administratrix on the estate of her former husband, GEORGE E. WARD, late of said Middletown, deceased, has given bond to said Court as required and duly qualified herself as such Administratrix.

All persons having claims against the estate of said George E. Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD,
Administratrix.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—2-23-4w

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED has been appointed by the Court of Probate of Middletown, R. I., Guardian of the person and estate of her daughter, ROWENA FOWLER WARD, a minor, under the age of fourteen years, has given bond to said Court and duly qualified herself as such Guardian.

All persons having claims against the estate of said Rowena Fowler Ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court, within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted thereto will make payment to the undersigned.

LYDIA M. WARD,
Guardian.

Middletown, R. I., Feb. 23, 1907—2-23-4w


Men's Wool Combination

FELT BOOTS,

Duck Arctics

$2.75 Per Pair.

ALSO ALL KINDS OF

HEAVY RUBBER BOOTS,

SHOES AND ARCTICS.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co


STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, March 8, 1907.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled "An Act relating to fraternal beneficial associations," in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on WEDNESDAY, March 20, 1907, upon the rising of the Senate.

HENRY F. ANTHONY, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-9-2w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

Senate, Providence, March 6, 1907.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in an act entitled "An Act to restrict the attendance of children at theatres and shows," in Committee Room 212, State House, Providence, on THURSDAY, March 14, 1907, upon the rising of the Senate.

HENRY F. ANTHONY, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 2-9-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 6, 1907.

PUBLIC HEARING.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in the bill entitled, "An Act amending Section 1, of Chapter 827, of the Public Laws so as to give to Women Citizens the Power to Vote in Presidential Elections," in Committee Room 302, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, March 12, 1907, upon the rising of the House.

PHILIP A. MONEY, Chairman.
BRAYTON A. ROUND, Clerk 3-9-1w

## THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

AN ORDINANCE Appropriating the Revenues of the City of Newport for the Municipal Year 1907.

*It is ordained by the Representative Council of the city of Newport, as follows:*

*Section 1.* So much of the available receipts and income accruing to the City Treasury of said City during the current municipal fiscal year, with the money now in the treasury, as will provide the sums hereinafter appropriated and appropriated, is hereby appropriated and appropriated for the said municipal fiscal year, as follows, viz.:

| | |
|---|---|
| For State Tax, | $ 60,838 22 |
| For Streets and Highways, | 108,661 00 |
| For Public Schools, | 168,591 00 |
| For Police Department, | 10,965 00 |
| For Fire Department, | 53,830 00 |
| For Lighting Streets, | 35,000 00 |
| For Salaries, | 31,195 00 |
| For City Asylum, | 6,500 00 |
| For Paupers and Vagrants, | 4,200 00 |
| For Public Buildings, | 4,000 00 |
| For Public Parks, | 6,000 00 |
| For Books, Stationery and Printing, | 8,500 00 |
| For Water Supply, | 10,200 00 |
| For Health Department, | 11,000 00 |
| For Burial Grounds, | 700 00 |
| For Ward Meetings, | 5,000 00 |
| For Sinking Funds, | 18,400 00 |
| For Coupons, | 39,952 50 |
| For Incidentals, | 6,000 00 |
| For Interest on Notes, | 10,000 00 |
| For Wires and Cables, | 500 00 |
| For Indexing and Preservation of Records, | 600 00 |
| For Payment of Notes, | 30,000 00 |
| For Land and other Damages, | 5,000 00 |
| For Certificates of Indebtedness, | 60,000 00 |
| For Telephone, | 355 16 |
| For Newport's Sick, | 4,000 00 |
| | $701,049 88 |

*Sec. 2.* The appropriations heretofore made by Ordinance passed January 7, 1907, are included in the above appropriations, and so much of said appropriations as have been already paid out by virtue of said Ordinance are to be deducted from the appropriations made by Section 1 hereof.

*Sec. 3.* No City Officer nor Committee shall incur any liability against the city, or make or cause any expenditure or payment out of the funds of the City beyond or in excess of any appropriation hereinbefore ordered, unless such liability, expenditure or payment shall be occasioned by the laws of the State, or be specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

*Sec. 4.* No sum appropriated for a specific purpose shall be expended for any other purpose unless otherwise specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council. No expenditure shall be made nor liability incurred by or in behalf of the city until an appropriation has been duly voted by the Representative Council sufficient to meet such expenditure or liability together with all prior unpaid liabilities which are payable out of such appropriation.

*Sec. 5.* This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed February 15, 1907.)

A true copy. Witness:
DAVID STEVENS,
2-23-3w City Clerk.

## THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

AN ORDINANCE for the Assessment and Collection of a Tax.

*It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:*

*Section 1.* A Tax is hereby imposed and levied and shall be assessed and apportioned by the Assessors of Taxes of this city, on or before the thirty-first day of next May, on the inhabitants of this city and the ratable property within the same, for the current municipal fiscal year, of or in a sum certain to be ascertained by taking one and two-tenths per centum of the ratable valuation of said property to be made by said Assessors of Taxes; said tax shall be collected and paid into the City Treasury on and between the first day of July next and the thirty-first day of August next, and all taxes remaining unpaid on said last named day shall carry until collected a penalty at the rate of twelve per centum per annum.

*Section 2.* This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed February 15, 1907.)

A true copy. Witness:
DAVID STEVENS,
2-23-3w City Clerk.

# Tax Department.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

# Assessors' Notice.

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport hereby give notice that they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the Second floor), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays, from and including

## Monday, March 11, '07

To and Including

## Friday, March 22, '07

From 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock Noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M.

For the purpose of assessing and apportioning on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein, the tax ordered and levied by the Representative Council of said City on the 5th day of February, 1907.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE, LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS, AS ABOVE DESIGNATED, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLE ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL OR PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account by him exhibited contains to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate; AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

JOHN M. FRIEND, Chairman.
JOHN E. O'NEILL,
EDWARD L. SPENCER,
2-23-tf Assessors of Taxes.


Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent.



PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management.

Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.

Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.

2-24 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.


# Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, December 8th, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 8,660, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Gardiner B. Reynolds Company, a corporation created under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, and located at Newport, in said State, plaintiff, and against J. M. Hodgson, Florist, a corporation of New York, Charles F. Hodgson, Sarah F. Spalding and A. Warren Spalding, all of New York, in the State of New York, defendants, I have this day at 5 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, or either of them, had on the 27th day of September, A. D. 1906, at 14 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded Westerly, on Bellevue avenue, 226.35 feet; Northerly, on land now or formerly of Osgood, 200 feet; Easterly, on land of Woodward and Stillman, 225.92 feet, and Southerly, on Webster street, 200 feet.

2d parcel—All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded Easterly, on Spring street, 243.6 feet; Southerly, on Brenton avenue, 322.5 feet; Westerly, on land of Fiske, and of Gorman, 273.1 feet, and Northerly, on Webster street, 286 feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

I have also this 8th day of December, A. D. 1906, at 6 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, or either of them, had the time of this levy in and to that certain parcel of land containing 6000 square feet in said Newport, bounded Southerly, on Narragansett avenue, 60 feet; Easterly, on land of the estate of William K. Thorn, deceased, 100 feet, and Northerly, fifty feet, and Westerly, 100 feet, on land now or formerly of Ellen T. Baker and others, or however otherwise may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estates at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 11th day of MARCH, A. D. 1907, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
2-16-4w Deputy Sheriff.

# Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, December 8th, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 3670, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court the twenty-seventh day of February, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the thirteenth day of November, A. D. 1906, in favor of The Gardiner B. Reynolds Company, a corporation created under the laws of Rhode Island and located in said Newport, plaintiff, and against J. M. Hodgson, Florist, a corporation, Charles F. Hodgson, Sarah F. Spalding, and A. Warren Spalding, all of New York, in the State of New York, defendants, I have this day at 40 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, or either of them, had on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1906, at 11 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded Westerly, on Bellevue avenue, 226.35 feet; Northerly, on land now or formerly of Osgood, 200 feet; Easterly, on land of Woodward and Stillman, 225.92 feet, and Southerly, on Webster street, 200 feet.

2d parcel—All that certain tract of land with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded Easterly, on Spring street, 243.6 feet; Southerly, on Brenton avenue, 322.5 Westerly, on land of Fiske, and of Gorman 273.1 feet, and Northerly, on Webster street, 286 feet, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

I have also this 8th day of December, A. D. 1906, at 31 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m. levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, or either of them, had the time of this levy in and to that certain parcel of land containing 6000 square feet in said Newport, bounded Southerly, on Narragansett avenue, 60 feet; Easterly, on land of the estate of William K. Thorn, deceased, 100 feet, and Northerly, fifty feet, and Westerly, 100 feet, on land now or formerly of Ellen T. Baker and others, or however otherwise may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estates at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 11th day of March, A. D. 1907, at 12.15 o'clock, p. m., for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS,
2-16-4w Deputy Sheriff.


# Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. B. Dadley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY



F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co's are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8.30 a. m.—5.30 p. m.